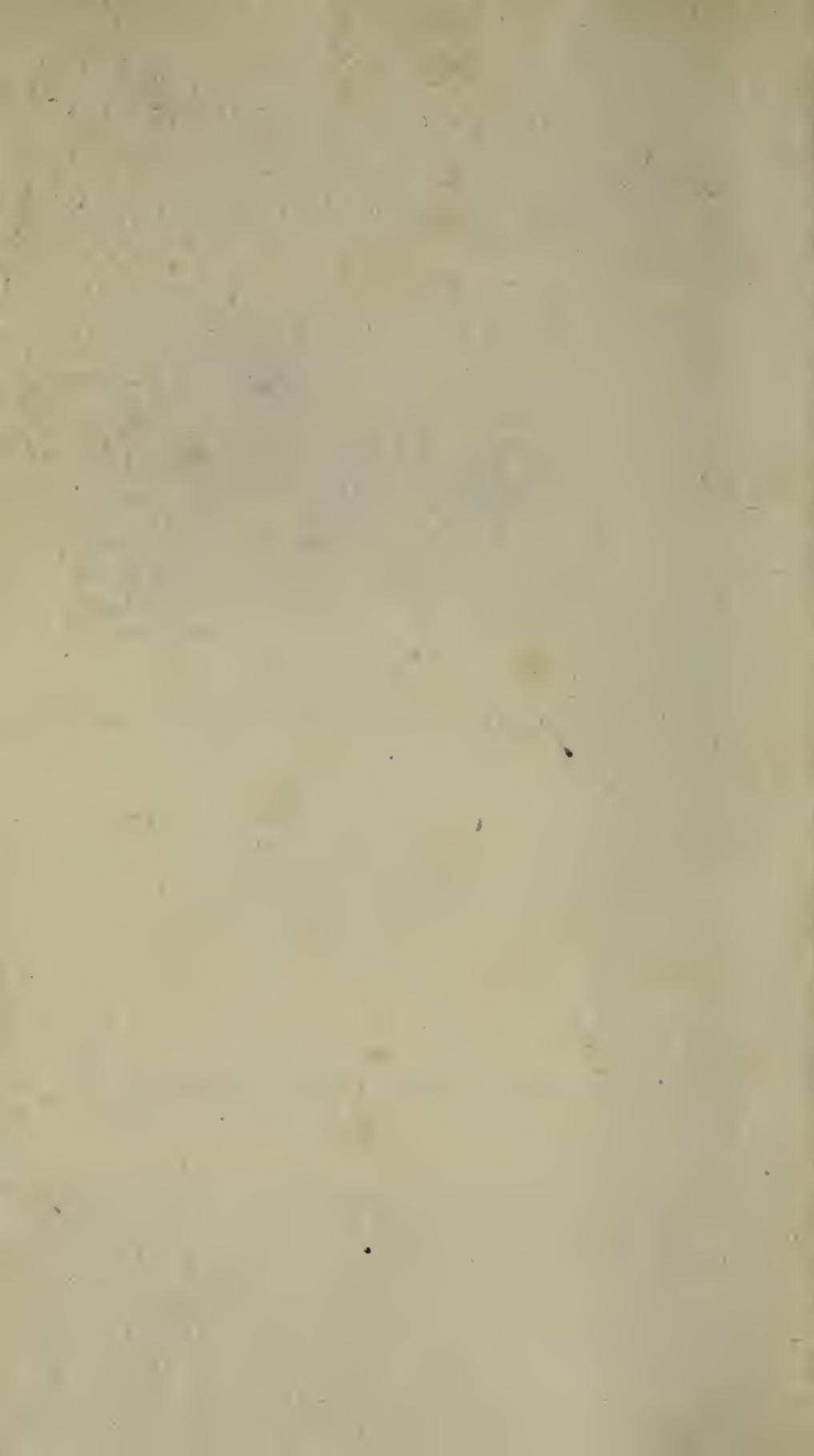
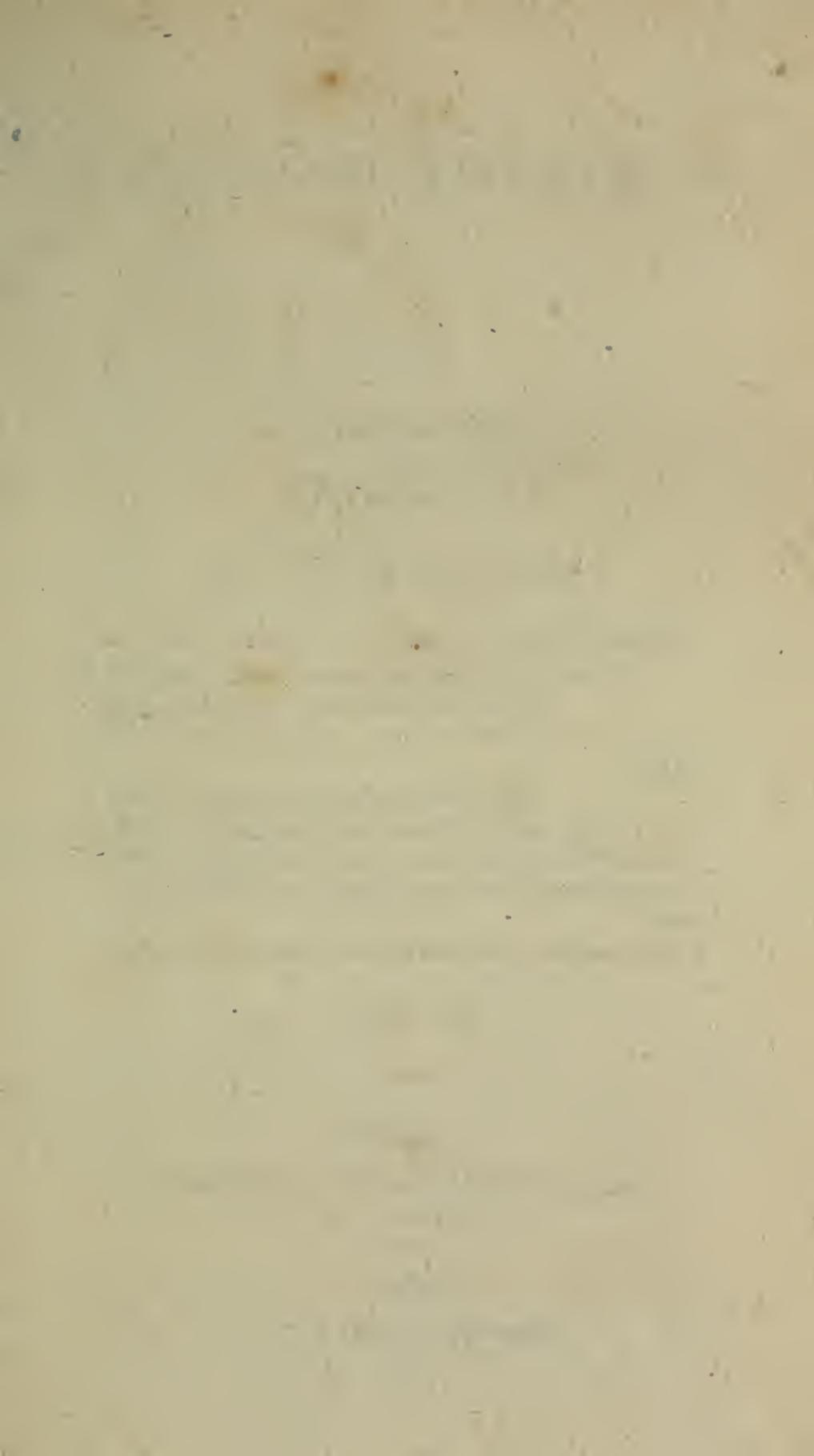


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VIRTUOUS POVERTY,

A

TALE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY HENRY SIDDONS.

Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena sigilla, tabellas,
Argentum, vestes gaetulo murice tinctas
Sunt qui non habeant, est qui non curat habere.

HORACE.

Gold, silver, iv'ry, vases sculptur'd high,
Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye.
There are who have not,—and thank heaven there are
Who if they have not,—think not worth their care.

POPE.

VOL. II.

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VIRTUOUS POVERTY.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

A very short chapter, which may be either skipped or read, as pleaseth the fancy of the reader—containing hints on digressions, reflections, moralising, and prosing—Why an author is like a jockey—and why he had better read his works to a young woman than an old one—A simile between a novel and a turnpike road—and a promise from the writer.

A LADY of fashion, wit, and beauty,* in her excellent works lately republished, compares the skill of the romance writer, with the ingenuity of the jockey. She

* The lady alluded to is Lady M. Wortley Montagu.—Vide her Letters.

affirms, that all our allegories, our advice to the reader, and various other modes of digression from the main subject matter, are but the mere tricks of a shallow invention, to *fill up* a book, or what the abovementioned gentlemen (jockies) call *getting round*.

“He talks to me that never had a child!” Such is the natural exclamation of Constance; a mother drawn in his most exquisite stile, by the master hand of Shakespear the sublime. “She talks to us, that “never wrote a novel!” would be an exclamation equally forcible; and just as natural from myself to any lady of the same critical ability.

It is somewhere said, that a celebrated French author, always read over his works to an old woman, before he would venture to entrust them to the press.

Now I have adopted something like the same

same plan, and commit my work chapter by chapter to the inspection of a *female*; and though she neither can, nor is over *desirous*, to boast the privileges of old age, yet my own partial judgment very much deceives me, if her innate good sense, and natural candour of mind, do not make her a much more proper judge of a work of *fancy*, than any peevish old woman, or snarling critic, (and really they are two animals of the same species, with this exception, that the old woman is more excuseable) can possibly be.

Now, the reader of my novel, will in one respect be much better off than the peruser of the works submitted to the inspection of the old gentlewoman; the French writer having run into liberties shocking to any female mind, *young*, or *old*.

I can say, and truly say with our immortal bard, that she, who is destined to

give her daily opinions on the romance now submitted to the public animadversion, is equally with the noble sister of *Publicola*,

“ The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
“ That’s curded by the frost from purest *snow*,
“ And hangs on Dian’s Temple.”

SHAKESPEAR’S CORIOLANUS.

The above mentioned lady is always finding fault with the many digressions, I am so fond of making while I am reciting a *plain tale*. To get rid of these complaints, as well as I can, I have resolved in imitation of an author (whose name it would be the most impudent vanity in me to mention, while I am talking about myself) to dedicate a very short chapter, at the beginning of each ensuing book, to the luxury of talking in “ *propriâ personâ*.”

Not, that I mean to promise to tie myself up from every opportunity of shewing my *own* sagacity.—No, that is a task too trying

trying for the most *modest* of men. Ought it then to be *expected* from an *author*?

Indeed, however tedious these kinds of digressions and reflections may prove to the reader, they are the *tolls*, which every traveller is compelled to pay, as he journeys through the broad road of a romance; both the turnpikes of a journey, and the toll gates of a book, may be *expensive*, and disagreeable, yet still are *indispensible* to the clearing of obstructions, the removal of difficulties, and the *final* convenience of the passenger.

With this apology, for the imposts I have thought fit to levy, I shall conclude this preparatory chapter, at the same time assuring the good natured traveller through my dull volumes, that in future, I will not lay more tribute upon him than is necessary to keep my prospects open, and my roads in repair.

CHAPTER II.

The despair of Tibullus--his application--the reception of it--he is about to give a strong proof of the force of an imitative mind--is diverted from his intentions--A sermon for a young buck--How gratitude may be best shewn--A short explanation--Pic-nics--A prudent wife--Honor among Thieves,--Happiness between the selfish--Pleasant reflections arising from the violation of the social duties--An old lady killed with a broken heart--A reprentance--A blessing--A forgiveness--A birth--and its effects on the mind of a Father.

ON the death of Sir Charles Panther, the despair of poor Tibullus, who had entrusted every shilling of his little fortune into the hands of that unhappy young man, rose almost to the height of desperation. He looked round him, and saw no reed for hope to catch at; instead of vigorously pursuing a noble profession, which might have conducted him by easy degrees to wealth,

wealth, to honor, and to fortune—he had *wasted* his time, in pursuits uncongenial to his nature; which had made him ridiculous in their prosecution, and left him destitute, now he was no longer able to follow them.—He had been extravagant to an excess, to feed his passion for *fine cloaths*, and long bills from four several tailors, he knew must soon rise up in terrible array against him.

Appear again amongst the former acquaintance of Sir Charles he dared not; they had always ridiculed him as a clumsy *mimic*, and in every situation throughout all the affairs of life, any one, who is ruined by thrusting his head into company above his level in the scale of society, loses by his folly the commiseration, which is commonly bestowed upon misfortune, and becomes the theme for ridicule, instead of pity.—Such a hunted deer was Tibullus when he regained his chamber—his *magnus Apollo* was no more!—his mind, like

the mechanic operations of a watch, was incapable of performing its functions, now its *main spring* was taken away ; for the first time during the course of several years, he had an inclination to fly to books for consolation and philosophy. Restless and uneasy he snatched a long neglected Horace from the shelf ; the first lines he read, were

“ O imitatores ! servum pecus ! ”

He dashed the volume with fury to the ground—the very dead seemed to reproach him with the folly of his conduct.

His mortifications might have been borne, were they destined to stop here ; but Sir Charles was no sooner buried, than his unfortunate *shadow* was hunted from place to place, by the importunate creditors of the deceased man of fashion. As he had attended Sir Charles at all his expensive dinners and entertainments, the owners

owners of the taverns sent *him* in bills by showers; and Orestes was never hunted by the *furies* with more implacable virulence, than *he* was chased all round the town, by these indefatigable *duns*.

In the despair of his heart he at last formed the resolution of transmitting a letter to Francis Dives, and the fair Martina; in which he told them, that to maintain the honor and credit of their late brother, at his *election*, he had entrusted him with all his worldly fortune, and did not doubt, but that the sisterly affection of Mrs. Dives, would take care, that neither her brother's *honor*, nor her brother's *friend*, should be materially a sufferer by an action of such disinterested friendship: —this note was accompanied with all the bills sent in to him, which formed a large packet, and these also he said he was *sure* they would take the earliest opportunity of paying off.

Tibullus was a woeful instance of the presumption of man, in ever making *sure* of *any* thing! The bills came back to him, with an answer to his letter, subscribed Martina Dives.

Besides the disappointment of a flat refusal to repair any of his losses, the poor young man had the mortification of having the denial couched in terms of the most biting *ridicule*. She denied that real friendship had any thing to do with his attachment to her late brother. *Vanity* alone, she urged, was the *sole* motive of all his assiduities and attentions.

“ You fed his follies, imitated his dress,
“ and adopted his manners,” said she,
“ not out of respect to *him*, but with a
“ mere *selfish* view, which tended to raise
“ admiration to your *own* character, and
“ afford improvement to your *own* person.
“ You were a **MIMIC**, not a **FRIEND**. A
“ monkey, when he copies the actions of
“ his

“ his keeper, has as just a title to the character of a friend as *yourself*. You lent him your money, merely that you might have it to *say* that you had assisted a man whom no one supposed at that time to stand in need of the aid of *any* one. You proffered *yours*, with the idea of conferring an *honour* upon *yourself*—not from the pure wish of rendering an assistance to *him*. With regard to the tavern bills you have sent us in, I can only say, I hear from very good authority, that in scenes of this kind, you were ever one of the very first partakers, and therefore cannot *repine* at sharing in the *expence* of the amusement: in short, Mr. Melford, if complaints are to be uttered on any side, I think the greatest right of lamentation pertains to *myself*. Had my unhappy brother met with no mimics, flatterers, and parasites, he might have wearied in the race of folly, reformed his life, and turned his thoughts

“ to pursuits more worthy of *himself*, and
“ more honorable to his *family*. ”

The last dose was a bitter one; the words mimic, flatterer, and parasite, made him open his eyes, extend his mouth, and give way to a hundred disagreeable sensations: he, for the first time, perceived that he had been making himself *contemptible* and ridiculous, as well as poor and miserable.

All his amiable qualities had been obscured by foppery and affectation; but his understanding had been formerly vigorous, and his heart was naturally good.

The contemplation of himself shocked him; he was a ruined beggar; involved in debt, difficulty, and dishonor. A prison seemed gaping to receive him, and misery collecting her heaviest showers to overwhelm him. He gnashed his teeth, stamped on the ground, furiously smote his

his forehead, and exclaimed, “ Go, ape! “ monkey! mimic that thou art! thou “ hast degraded the original dignity of thy “ character, by copying the vices of a crea-“ ture inferior to thyself in every point of “ view, and now thou hast no chance of “ escaping from beggary and misery, but “ by a desperate *imitation* of the last most “ dreadful action of his life.”

With a mind worked up to frenzy, and fevered by despair, he walked out of his room, resolved to avoid the *arrows* of ridicule, the cries of his creditors, and the future horrors of prisons, debts, and difficulties, by the detested crime of suicide.

He walked onwards till he reached the New River. Several qualms of conscience staggered his purpose by the way ; but he was so totally destitute of any means of prosecuting his studies, or of gaining a livelihood by any human method, that he resolved

resolved to persist in his impious resolutions.

Like some other devoted men, he converted his classical knowledge to the very worst purpose to which it can be applied. The examples of Cato, Brutus, Cassius, and a number of the antient self-murderers, have had such a mischievous influence on some disordered imaginations, that humanity may, perhaps, be sometimes induced to pause, before it can pronounce whether the preservation of the Roman literature has made sufficient amends for the dreadful mischiefs it has, in these instances, been sometimes the unhappy means of instigating and promoting.

The mind of Tibullus was unfortunately so tempered at this instant, that he fortified his doubts, and animated his intentions, by the contemplation of the above-mentioned examples.

He

He gazed wistfully on the stream before him—a transient gleam of hope shot athwart his mind—but it was suddenly checked by the recollection of his difficulties, and a slight glance of Martinas' letter—“It is impossible,” said he, and giving a sudden spring, was in a moment flat upon his back, in the precise spot on which he made the effort.

He felt much surprised to find himself upon the dry land, when he expected to have been in the middle of the river. Lest the reader should fancy that we are running into all the flowery fictions of an antient romance, we shall make all the haste we *can* to explain this extraordinary circumstance, which was brought about by mere human agents, and by very natural means.

A gentleman had observed the disorderly manners of this unhappy young man; and being one of those odd fellows, whom the Roman dramatic poet describes as one who

who knowing himself to be a *man*, considers nothing under the human form as indifferent to him, had thought it worth while to vary the direction of a morning stroll, when, by so trifling a sacrifice, he could stand a chance of being of service to a fellow creature.

He had walked cautiously behind the young Lawyer, with the intention of watching his motions and scrutinising into his designs. At the moment he was about to take the fatal plunge, this worthy old gentleman sprung from behind the railing, caught him by the coat, and as—

“ *Non progredi est regredi,*”

brought him to the very point from which he was in the act of taking the fatal leap.

When Tibullus recovered from his first surprise, he looked wildly around him, and caught the benevolent features of Peter Hayward. When he recognised the form
of

of his preserver, the burning flush of shame glowed on his countenance, and he hid his face with his hands. The good man saw the confusion which oppressed him, and taking him kindly by the hand, earnestly conjured him to moderate the vehemence of his feelings, and learning from him the place of his residence, tenderly solicited to be allowed to accompany him to the spot; a request which, after many pressing arguments, the faltering Tibullus reluctantly complied with. As they walked homewards, Hayward heard from the lips of young Melford the whole of his calamitous story; and when he came to weigh his sufferings with his follies, he could not help thinking that his punishment had more than counterbalanced his faults.

The Lawyer would have bade him adieu at the door of his apartment; but Hayward, dreading some fatal effects from the still agitated state of his mind, insisted upon being allowed to remain with him for

for half an hour. When he had conversed with him for some time, and perceived that the hurried tumult of his passions began in some degree to subside, he begged leave to say a few words to him, and the desired permission being granted, thus began :

“ When I reflect upon the nature of the
“ crime I have just prevented you from
“ committing, I know not whether I have
“ greater reason to pity you, or to felici-
“ tate myself. Good Heavens! Can a ra-
“ tional being, exalted by his form, and
“ honoured with intellectual faculties, su-
“ perior to all the other creatures with
“ whom he is on every side surrounded,
“ make so ill a use of his sublime pre-emi-
“ nence? The mad bull! the wounded sa-
“ vage gives himself up to the brutal fury
“ of his nature, and seeks a relief from
“ temporary evil, because excluded from all
“ prospect of any *future* felicity; but a
“ man! a christian! fie for shame! What
“ is

“ is there in the most trying woes that
“ can afflict us for the mere *point* of time
“ which we are destined to creep through
“ this insignificant world, which can make
“ it worth our while to encounter the pe-
“ nalties of *eternal* duration which are pro-
“ nounced against the sin of suicide? A
“ sin which, by its frequency in Great
“ Britain, has cast an indelible stain upon
“ a generous nation! a vice fit for none
“ but slaves and cowards! a crime which,
“ when exterminated from our annals,
“ will leave us the most virtuous people
“ on the face of the earth!

“ And you, *young* man, what excuse can
“ you form to yourself for such unwor-
“ thy, such unmanly, such pusillanimous
“ despair? Your limbs are strong, your
“ faculties unimpaired by illness; the world
“ lies open to your view, you have but to
“ endeavour to surmount your difficulties,
“ and the same prospect of comfort and
“ independence is more within *your* grasp,
“ than

“ than that of many who have conquered
“ their apparent ill fortune without half
“ your education, half your abilities, half
“ your good sense.”

Young Melford coloured, and hung his head: this was the first sermon he had heard for several years, but it did not lose any of its efficacy on that account. The arguments which Hayward had enforced were trite, and such as he had heard urged a hundred times before; but his manner was impressive, and his eye spoke with more energy than his tongue. Sorrow and disappointment, too, the grand softeners of the human heart, had not been without their effect on that of Tibullus:—the pertness of his manner was removed, his follies appeared dispersing like vapours before the beams of the invigorating sun, his face assumed the turn it had naturally possessed before it had been distorted by the affected graces of servile imitation; sense and feeling sparkled through the tear-drops in his

his eye, and he now looked as respectable and interesting, as he had formerly appeared absurd and ludicrous.

Hayward inwardly enjoyed this honorable triumph of feeling and humanity.

“ Rouse, rouse,” cried he ; “ do not be
“ guilty of *another* sin against the goodness
“ of Providence, in indulging a fruitless
“ sorrow for faults which are past, and
“ now can never be recalled ; the manly
“ part will be, to repair past errors by fu-
“ ture amendment. Nay, never shake
“ your head ; you have talents, I know ;
“ the means for the exertion of those ta-
“ lents shall not be wanting. Hencefor-
“ ward scorn the contracted, narrow arts
“ of *imitation*—be the moulder of your own
“ character ; one manly, bold *original* me-
“ rits more gratitude from all mankind,
“ than a whole race of servile *copyists* :
“ were all men to sit idly down with the
“ *ape-*

“ *ape-like* contentment of dully walking in
“ the prescribed circles of their fellows,
“ the progress of the world would soon be
“ at an end—the distinctions of genius
“ would cease—men would herd together
“ like cattle, and *corpulence* alone confer
“ superiority. Without a daring devia-
“ tion from the common track, what be-
“ nefits had been lost to the world? The
“ navigator had still confided to the uncer-
“ tain guidance of the stars—the compass
“ had never been discovered—a Columbus
“ would not have laid open a new world
“ —a Newton had never been a philoso-
“ pher, and an Erskine had never poured
“ the resistless thunders of elocution at a
“ British bar.”

“ Great Heaven!” exclaimed Tibullus,
“ and are you the man whom I treated
“ with such levity? the man whom I con-
“ sidered as the mere plodding trader?
“ who knew nothing beyond the learning
“ of

“ of a counting-house? Every moment
“ gives me fresh cause for contrition and
“ confusion.”

“ If you mean to compliment,” rejoined the philosophic merchant, “ be assured
“ your encomiums are ill placed; my learn-
“ ing is but small, and but lately acquired;
“ what I *do* know, I owe entirely to that
“ originality I have been recommending to
“ you. The early part of my life was
“ scrupulously devoted to my business.
“ I have known sorrows and disappoint-
“ ments, Mr. Melford, to which *your* evils
“ are comparative trifles—my heart-strings
“ have been almost cracked; but, believe
“ me, I do not mean to upbraid you, when
“ I say, I should now most heartily de-
“ spise myself had I ever flown, even in
“ *idea*, to self-destruction as a relief. Read-
“ ing and religion have been my support
“ —to do good, my amusement. The me-
“ thods I have taken, have, I fancy, ap-
“ peared very singular to many besides
“ yourself;

“ yourself; but he who founds his happiness on the welfare of his fellow-creatures, builds on a foundation much too steady to be shaken by the giddy breath of public opinion. But I see the agitations of your mind have much exhausted you, and I now proceed to the point whither I wish all my sermonising to tend.”

Tibullus bowed, and was attentive.

“ I have given you my candid sentiments upon the errors of your former conduct —errors you seem ashamed of, and therefore it would ill become me to repeat them.

“ You appear to me to have those requisites which may, with a proper attention, raise you to be an ornament to that profession of which you have the honour of being a member. In the pocket-book which I now put into your hands,

“ hands, is the exact sum which, I am well informed, you lost by your imprudent confidence in your friend Sir Martin. I will say no more with respect to your future conduct in life, because I would not convert a favor into a burthen.”

Melford sunk on his knee, laid hold of the hand of his benefactor, and, in a voice almost inarticulate with sobs, begged to know how he could ever requite his goodness.

Hayward then told him, that he had *two* conditions to propose to him, to which, if he consented, he would make him the most satisfactory return.

The young Lawyer vowed he would abide by them, let them be what they would.

Hayward told him that he *first* stipulated, that if ever he grew rich, he would pay

him the money again if he was alive; or if not, set it apart for such young men in his profession who might hereafter be condemned to struggle with difficulties similar to his own. *Secondly*, that he was never on any account to mention what he had done for him. He impressed this last charge on his mind by the most serious repetition.

The gratitude of Tibullus made a recoil at this hard stipulation; but his benefactor urged the point so very strongly, that Tibullus was forced to comply; and Hayward, shaking him by the hand, took his leave—the young man following his preserver with eyes suffused in drops of gratitude and *wonder*.

As we are aware that there are some men in the world who (judging, we suppose, from their *own* hearts) set it down as a maxim, that there is no such a thing as disinterested goodness; all these sort of

men

men will call my work into question, and say I have been amusing my readers with an *unnatural* character. I shall not, however, bow to any critic of this description or persuasion, having, in the course of my life, seen many deeds done by several men for the mere love of good, and for nothing else.

I could name a *lady* also, who passes her life in actions of benevolence, for which she cannot expect any remuneration on this side the grave. While she exists, I never will *allow* that any character, which comprehends charity, philanthropy, or generosity, is at all *overcharged*, or *out of nature*.

We now return to Mr. and Mrs. Dives. The honey-moon passed on without any of those rapturous sensations which are supposed to be the general attendants on the first month after the union of a young couple: it was employed in the burial of

Sir Martin, and the arrangement of their money concerns. The debts of the bride were discharged, and Francis was happy to find that, in this respect, she had behaved without duplicity or deception—they were *mere trifles*. He had feared, from her former habits of life, and the great quantity of company she had been accustomed to keep, that he should have many a heavy bill to discharge; but was most agreeably disappointed, when he found the truth had been very greatly exaggerated by his fears and his prudence.

She soon let him into a secret, which was at once both new and pleasing to him; *i. e.* that in London, a fashionable family may make a great figure at very little expence. *Cards* had been to her a great source of wealth: she had maintained two servants, by allowing them to find these for her company. She had a third, without any wages but what her visitors chose to give him; for which purpose the following

low stood like a sentry at the door, to levy contributions on every visitor who left her apartment.

She always played very high ; and, by assiduous attention, had made herself so much the mistress of every game of chance, that the best hands in the whole pack could seldom prove a counter-match to her skill and dexterity. She had always been surrounded with a tribe of the prettiest young women, and the most thoughtless young men that she could collect together ; and, as there are hundreds in the metropolis who would much rather go *any where* than stay at home, she found no kind of difficulty in raising such assemblies. With regard to her living, it had cost her but a trifle, as her men servants were paid by her visitors, and her maids were on board wages. She had been also a great promoter of that convenient and fashionable modern invention, known by the name of *Pic-nic*. As some readers in the country may be

strangers to the fashionable *cant* words of the capital, a short definition of the term *Pic-nic* may not be wholly unacceptable. A *Pic-nic* is an invention by which a man or woman of the *haut ton* may have the appearance of giving an elegant entertainment to their friends, when those friends are at the *whole* and *sole* expence.

Lady Betty, for instance, is to give a *Pic-nic*; she invites a dozen people, and every one of them sends an article for supper; of course, when the night comes, twelve elegant articles are placed on the supper-table, without the cost of a shilling to the good lady of the house: for example, Lord George, chickens; Miss Lynx, potted char; Mr. Twiddle, pigeon-pye; Mr. Spindle, jellies; Mrs. Buckram, a trifle; Mrs. Snack, tongue; Mr. Ogleby, macaroni; Mr. Feeble, oysters, &c. &c. &c.

My readers will, I hope, by the above example, perceive that, by this kind of economical

economical splendor, a very elegant entertainment may not only be served up, but the person, at whose house it is given, may contrive to live well upon the leavings for a fortnight after. By these arts, which had been taught her from her earliest infancy, had Martina long contrived to fight on with her contracted income, till the success of her deeply laid matrimonial projects put a period to the combat.

Her brother had inherited her father's estate, which had been a very good one, till he brought it into difficulties by his unbounded dissipation ; and becoming a gamester himself, reduced his sister to the level of a female fortune hunter. She had never forgiven his imprudence, though her own circumstances made it convenient to her to connive at it ; as his acquaintance with many rich and foolish young men often brought the gudgeons into play, for whom she had been long baiting her hook.

The want of money had made its value double in her eyes, and now she had attained it, she resolved to be very prudent in the management of it.

From such an union, then, we are led to imagine that much domestic happiness would be the necessary consequence ; a similarity of tastes being said to be the best and most solid foundation for friendship, and for love : yet, very unluckily for this new married pair, the effect was not subsequent to the cause. The union of the amiable passions, seven times out of ten, produce the most celestial harmony ; but when two tempers of a sordid way of thinking are tied together by indissoluble bonds, the discord must be harsh and grating. That there may be honor among *thieves*, is an axiom which an attentive perusal of that instructing book, the Newgate Calendar, will bring to the ground ; that there can be a *cordial* union between selfish souls, is an hypothesis which a short ruminatio

rumination on the pages of human life will prove to be equally vain, futile, and deceptive.

The wife had given up a brother who, whatsoever had been his personal failings, was most assuredly the means, agent, and immediate instrument of the good fortune she had attained. The son had abandoned a mother, whose great error had originated in a most extravagant fondness for his person, and a ridiculous indulgence of his foibles: for *his* sake she had irritated a husband, whom it would have been for her interests to have conciliated; and exposed herself to that poverty, from which it was the duty of the object, for whose welfare it had been incurred, to have immediately released her.

Could such a couple have any real confidence in each other? No! they had both given proof, that the natural affections of their hearts were subordinate to the love

of riches, and that, when money stood in the way, there was no barrier which they would not gladly overleap. To money Francis had sacrificed his friend, the gallant, the sincere, the generous St. Leger. Love came like a cherub, in the simple affection of the farmer's daughter: he had immolated beauty, truth, and nature at the shrine of avarice. The remembrance of the beauty and tenderness of the unhappy girl he had plunged in shame and ruin, often rushed upon him by day, and disturbed his dreams by night. After having, however, sacrificed thus much to the darling prejudice of his family, he was resolved to enjoy the luxury he had so dearly purchased in its full extent, and, in the hurry of the chace, to banish the idea of St. Leger, his mother, and the farmer's daughter.

A year now elapsed in this uncomfortable manner, when two new events took place. The younger Mrs. Dives was brought to

to bed of a beautiful daughter, the very day the news was brought to her husband, that the elder lady of that name had paid the debt of nature. Grief, seclusion from the world in a small country village, and the painful recollection of the ungrateful treatment she had received at the hands of her son, had thrown her into a deep *decline*.

During the last weeks of her life, by her contrition, meekness, and penitence, she might have atoned for greater errors than any she had been guilty of during a life more distinguished by *follies* than by *crimes*. She blessed her son with her dying breath, forgave him and his wife for all their past unkindness to her, and expired in peace and charity with all mankind.

Francis was at first affected with the news; but the birth of his daughter tended to dispel the gloom—the sight of the infant acted as a fresh stimulus to his pre-

vailing passion. He had a *new* object, in the prospect of a family, for the accumulation of wealth, and money appeared more desirable *than ever*.

CHAPTER III.

Miss Martina—A father's fondness—a mother's schemes—the girl is sent to school—Reasons for paying attention to old aunts—Wills—The young lady brought home again—Maternal anxieties—A family discourse—Disposal of property, fit for all rich readers—A high-seasoned dialogue—A daughter's interference—why dangerous—The author gives a good reason for the sale of his work.

IT is a more irksome thing to an author, than it can possibly prove to the peruser of his book, to be compelled to make frequent addresses to the reader—these interruptions generally tending to deaden any interest the preceding parts of a work may have had the good fortune to have excited. The dramatic writer, by the aid of the divisions in his play, the variations of his scenery, and other modes, may express the change of place, and the progression of time; whereas the author of a romance has

has but *one* mode, *videlicet*, that of going on in the old *jog trot* way, and begging the peruser to consider that so many years have past away. To be as little tedious as possible, be so good as to imagine that the daughter of Francis and his lady has been nursed, praised, fondled, caressed, and taught to read and write; all which, though in the highest degree entertaining to the father and mother of a child, is uninteresting to every one else, either in the world or in a book. -

Mrs. Dives and her husband lived for eight years with credit, with coldness, and economy. His mind was turned to such speculations as might increase his wealth, and he knew more about the stocks than even his father had done before him. He was concerned in loans, manufactures, new inventions, and, in short, nothing escaped his vigilant and scrutinising eye from which *profit* could be extracted. He lent money, bought and sold places, furnished corn and cloathing

cloathing by contract, imported wines, and exported goods to foreign markets ; yet was he not so lucky as his progenitor had been. The cautious parent of Francis had commenced his operations by *slow*, but *sure* degrees ; while the son, with encreased avidity in the same pursuit, like the boy in the fable, often defeated his own designs by too great an eagerness in his accumulations. A ship was sometimes lost, a contract would not always produce the profit he expected, and a manufactory, which promised a rapid fortune in a few years, sometimes was stifled in its birth, and left him a considerable loser. Whenever any of these accidents chanced to fall upon him, he was gloomy, restless, agitated, and passionate. For his wife he had *little* of love, and still *less* of esteem—domestic comfort never consoled him for external disappointments. Hymen, who sometimes descends in lucid robes, and eye-beaming gentleness, to light up the cottage of poverty, comes wrinkled and frowning to the mansion where

where wealth alone is considered as equivalent to every nuptial joy. Mrs. Dives expected this, and it did not wound her heart, or disturb her peace. She had married her husband for the sake of his money; and, while he was engaged in that pursuit, she never felt the least desire to see him employed in any other.

They were nearly of the same age, yet had she taken an idea into her head, which is very prevalent among married women, she felt well assured that she should *outlive* her lord and master. What reason the fair sex have to imagine, that they are peculiarly favored by nature in the article of *longevity*, it is rather difficult to divine. It is a melancholy truth, however, that many of them seem solicitous to provide against the death of a man even before they have lived with him, or have had an opportunity of judging whether he is likely to prove an agreeable companion, or the reverse. Witness in high life the bonds, jointures,

jointures, pin money, &c. &c. In middling life, the eagerness of ladies to know what their husbands are *worth*; their delicate hints, that every man ought to make his *will*; agreeable solicitudes on the *pleasant* subject of death, and other modest inuendos, which can never *fail* of exciting a man's confidence, esteem and affection.

We must leave it to philosophers to decide whether they have any real reason for this supposition in their own favor: but however that may be, Mrs. Dives had certainly taken the notion into *her* head, and all the treatises which have ever been penned on the instability of human life, could never have dislodged it thence.

She began at first by hints and gentle insinuations, and finding that these had not the desired effect on the reserved and cautious temper of her husband, shortly after gave him her sentiments more *plainly*.

Francis

Francis saw her drift, and resolved to amuse her by evasions. He knew, that when he had put pen to paper, he could not easily recall what he had done. His little child too was at once the object of his affection and his ambition.

When a woman brings a fortune to her husband, it is *rational* and *proper* that *she* should expect, and that *he* should make, a disposition of that fortune in her favor to the utmost extent. But Martina had not brought him any thing; she had no such rational claim upon him; she had never even pretended to have any great affection for him, and her anxious care about his money at his *death*, shewed him on how precarious a tenure he held her confidence during his *life*.

He found too, that unknown to himself she was making a private purse. *Trust* was banished. He resolved to make his daughter his friend as she grew up, and
by

by her means maintain some check on the designs of the mother.

The blessed consequences of an avaricious temper were now multiplying around him on all sides. He feared his wife, without loving her : he dreaded lest she should engage his servants in schemes against him. He had no friend to whom he could apply for comfort and consolation ; and in the bitterness of his soul would often strike his hand upon his heart, and passionately exclaim, “ Oh Henry ! oh St. Leger ! disinterested, generous companion of my happier days of childhood—why did I drive my friend, my counsellor, from my side ? ”

The little Martina, as she grew up, was his only comfort and consolation in these scenes of domestic discord.

She was a very lovely child ; a circumstance which, notwithstanding the gravity of

of our remarks with regard to the offspring of *other* people, acts strongly on the springs of the affections, when our *own* happen to be the subject in debate.

The mother, at a very early age, began to perceive that she had a rival in her youthful daughter.

She could make every allowance for the affection of the father; and had his mere *affections* been all that she considered, she would most certainly, with a true liberality, have given up her portion to her child, but there was a *property* in the case, and on *this* head her ideas were very different.

To remove the little favorite from the eyes of her doating father, was the first step to be taken; and by continual wearing, perseverance, and persuading her husband's old aunts, the Miss Maringos, (who were doatingly fond of the child) that it

was

was for her real interest to be sent to a boarding-school, she enlisted them on her side, and the business was done.

The Miss Maringos were the persons to whom Francis had ever behaved with the greatest respect: they had both capital fortunes, which his mother had taught him to look forward to as his own, from the earliest years of his life. They had long bid defiance to both him and the doctors, but he comforted himself with reflecting, that they could not live for ever, and submitted to their pleasures as naturally as he did to the laws of his country.

He still stipulated, however, that the child should be sent to a school in the metropolis, that he might have the satisfaction of seeing her at least once in every week; terms which with some difficulty were at length complied with.

He delivered her into the hands of her precep-

preceptress, with much of the same kind of *wise* restrictions which we heard his own mother give to Mr. Twig, in the first chapter of the first volume of this work.

The removal of the child, however, did very little service to the cause of Mrs. Dives, as the fondness of the father increased with every temporary absence; and when he saw her growing to woman's estate, with simplicity, beauty, sense, and sensibility, he began at last to imagine that he had accumulated wealth to some purpose.

The mother saw her improvements with far different eyes: she was convinced that it was the thoughts of the girl alone which prevented Francis from making such a disposition of his wealth as suited her wishes. The simplicity of the girl to *her* seemed art, her sensibility affectation, and her sense hypocrisy.

These

These sentiments she kept, however, closely deposited in her own bosom ; she knew that an exposition of her real feelings would render her odious to her friends, and those of her husband. To *them* her mouth was full of disinterested affection and maternal love ; but she laid on the colouring with a hand so coarse and clumsy, that even Francis perceived it ; and the girl *alone*, who to the *form* added the goodness of an angel, was a dupe to her arts.

Mrs. Dives was now arrived at that time of life, when the bloom may be properly said to be off the peach :—

“ See how this world its votaries rewards ;
“ A youth of folly, an old age of cards,”

began to be applicable to *her* case. She had pursued no one rational object in her earlier years, and her time now began to hang like a dead weight upon her hands.

Her husband’s pursuit of wealth left her
much

much leisure, and that leisure she now determined to turn to profit as well as to pleasure. She formed an acquaintance with a set of women as eager after gain as herself: scandal, tea, cards, railing against their husbands, and encouraging each other in their domestic rebellions, filled up

“ Their merry, miserable nigh .”

Mrs. Dives had, however, the *best* of these nocturnal orgies. She had not forgot her old tricks, when she had made a figure among the fashionable circles ; and her nightly earnings at the card-table tended, in no trifling degree, to the amplification of her private purse.

She had lived in a sphere somewhat above the circle of her *present* acquaintance, whilst she was regarded as the fashionable sister of the gay Sir Martin Panther. She knew much of the tittle-tattle of former days, and was the presiding oracle of the companies with which she now associated.

It

It is fatiguing and disgusting to dwell so long upon such a character as I am now describing; but, as most of the incidents in the present volume derive their *source* from this woman, it is *necessary* for me to illustrate her character as well as I am able.

Her husband (who by this time *began to entertain sentiments towards her which passed the bounds of mere indifference*) went on earning money as fast as he could, and left her to her own pleasures; a conduct he pursued without the least disturbance to his tranquillity, as he felt perfectly well assured, that she would take every care that her amusements should not ever be *expensive* ones.

The daughter was brought from school, and nothing could have consoled the mama for this mortifying circumstance, had not the two Miss Maringos most fortunately died at the same time, and left their nephew sole heir to both their properties; an event

which, for some weeks, kept the wife and the husband in tolerable good humor the one with the other.

The young Martina was always delighted when she saw her parents happy. She loved her mother as much as that mother's conduct would allow; but her father's behavior to her had stamped an impression on her candid, unaffected mind, which made her fondness to him approach near to *idolatry*: this did her no service with the *opposite* party. Every mark of affection to the one, the other looked upon as an injury to herself, and unluckily the poor girl had no chance of avoiding giving these causes of offence, as she could not help thinking that both her parents were as *one*; that it was an impossible thing for them not to have the same affections, the same joys, and the same sorrows.

A serious quarrel shortly after blew the dead coal to a flame. Mr. Dives returned,
after

after a very prosperous speculation, to his dinner one fine frosty day : his spirits were good, his cheeks rosy, and the quantity he ate would have been better adapted to a ruddy ploughman than to a sickly invalid.

After dinner was concluded, the young lady retired to her harpsichord in the drawing-room above ; and the mama, with several hums and has ! began the following dialogue.

“ Indeed, Mr. Dives, you make me very
“ uneasy.”

“ How so, my dear ?”

“ I do not think you take care enough
“ of your health.”

“ My health !”

“ Yes ; you have looked consumptive
“ for this month past. All my acquaint-

“ance have observed this alteration in
“your appearance.”

“ I know all your acquaintance are very,
“ very good to me (*drily*).”

“ It would be a sad thing to me and my
“ dear, dear child, if any thing should
“ happen to you; and you know, Mr.
“ Dives, no man’s life is safe. There was
“ Mr. Trussel died the other day in a brain
“ fever, Mr. O’Farrel was thrown out of
“ his gig not a week ago, and two gentle-
“ men of Mrs. Watkins’s acquaintance
“ tumbled down in an apoplectic fit whilst
“ they were sitting in their arm chairs,
“ and thinking no more of death than *you*
“ do at this moment.”

“ Very *comfortable* news!”

“ And what would have become of their
“ *widows*, if they had not made their wills?
“ It is hard, after living elegantly, to be
“ left

“ left at the mercy of lawyers, executors, and strangers! A man will never die an hour sooner because he has signed a piece of paper, and then a woman’s mind is so comfortable. If any thing was to happen to you, what do I know of your affairs? I should never be able to find out where your money is placed, and any knave might rob me of my right.”

Francis felt his indignation rising fast at this tedious and whining harangue.

“ A husband, madam,” cried he, “ should have the confidence of his wife, and she ought to think it impossible that he should act either ungenerously or unjustly by her.”

“ Aye, so your *mother* thought,” rejoined the lady with a malignant sarcastic smile, “ and finely was her confidence rewarded.”

“ Damnation, madam! A reproof like
“ this from *your* lips is too much for pa-
“ tience—Did not your avarice—?”

“ Avarice! Mr. Dives.”

“ Aye, avarice, Mrs. Dives!”

Here both parties fell into a warm dispute about the word *avarice*, modestly owning they might have a great many faults, but obstinately insisting *that* was not among the number.

They aggravated each other with a thousand opprobrious epithets, till, in the end, Francis told her flatly, that he would not settle one *shilling* upon her; that all his money had been acquired by his *own* industry, and that of his ancestors, and he was resolved to have the uncontrolled management of his own affairs. She threw the lowness of his origin in his teeth, and stoutly asserted, that a connection with her family

family had raised that of the Dives to opulence and distinction.

“ Zounds ! opulence !” cried the frantic Francis, “ opulence ! Why, what, are ye “ mad ?—A sharking woman of fashion, “ and a broken down baronet, trepan me “ into a contract of marriage, and then “ have the *assurance* to talk about opulence “ and obligation !”

This last blow was too much for the tender heart of the *gentle* Mrs. Dives. She sunk, weeping, into a chair, and told Mr. Dives she could have forgiven all his cruelties, had he not brought her poor *dear* dead brother to her mind ; a brother who had always *loved*, and *been* loved by her with such unexampled affection.

The temper of Francis, which was naturally cool and sedative, could not endure this last provoking affectation. He pranced up and down the room like a madman,

foaming at the mouth, and grinning with passion.

Martina arrived at a critical moment. She had heard their loud exclamations as she was at her music, and had rushed down in agony of fear to see what was going forward. Her attention was first attracted by her mother, who sat sobbing violently on the sofa. She went to her with sorrow in her eye, and affection in her voice; but this amiable lady rudely pushed her back, and told her to go and *whine* to her father, hinting, at the same time, that she believed they had laid their heads together to serve her as *his mother* had been treated.

This circumstance being a perfect mystery to Martina, she knew not what to make of it; but gazed with wonder and grief on her father.

He began to explain what had happened; and his wife, who could not be urged to open

open her lips through *kindness*, began to sputter out fifty incoherent sentences from the united impulses of passion and *contradiction*.

It was hard, in this tumult of warring opinions, for poor Martina to distinguish which was right, or who was wrong. In every generous mind there will always be a bias to the weak, or the oppressed. Martina was of this generous class of beings; and, though she might have expected much greater advantages from taking part with her father, she, on this occasion, thought her mother the person who most stood in need of her aid; and immediately enlisted under her banners.

The consequence was, that the one thought her *ungrateful*, and the other imagined her to be *hypocritical*; and though the disinterested generosity of the conduct she had adopted succeeded in quieting the tempest for the present, the father thought

she had not made a very generous return for his fondness ; and the mother was fearful of her making herself so amiable in the eyes of every one, that they should think Mr. Dives right in giving up every thing to her happiness and interest : she, therefore, represented the father and the daughter as in a plot to do her an act of injustice, and, as an ill-natured assertion will seldom want aiders and abettors, the truth of what she advanced met with general credit. Thus had a conduct, which ought to have endeared her to *each* party, injured Martina in the opinion of *both*.

If any parents, who indulge in wrangling before their children, will take the pains to reconsider this anecdote, I am sure that my book, though an *humble*, can never with justice be afterwards called an *useless* one.

CHAPTER IV.

A prudent man over-reached—A projector—An astrologer—A scheme to make a fortune—by what means—Reasons for embracing speculations—A great work falls to the ground—A defence of speculators—How a wife bears misfortune—A twinge of conscience—A fear of retribution—A cautious resolve—A daughter's goodness.

THE resentment in the bosom of the mother of Martina was deep, rooted and firm.

The anger of Francis lasted but a few moments: he loved *her*, if possible, as much as he valued his *money*. The sight of her tears melted his heart: he kissed her as she wished him good night. Mrs. Dives, too, forced her features into a smile; but it was a smile to betray. Some circumstances, however, were about to occur,

which had a very extraordinary effect on the mind of the mama. Her cares and solicitudes for her daughter, in a few months, equalled that of the most affectionate parent in the universe.

Mr. Dives, though usually very cautious in his schemes, was at length fatally deceived by a project, which promised to make him one of the richest men in London.

Accident brought him into an acquaintance with a young man of the name of Doublepop. Mr. Doublepop was a man of some reading, great ingenuity, and indefatigable industry.

His father had been a worthy and respectable watch-maker, and the son had given early proof of mechanical powers, which had astonished all the artists in the town. He was of a volatile disposition, however; and, on the death of his parents, instead

instead of attending seriously to a business, which might speedily have raised him to affluence and ease, his mechanical mind (*like the gifts of many other persons of genius and capacity when misapplied*) eventually terminated in his ruin. He gave his mind to nick-nacks and trifles, instead of exerting his powers in compositions of utility.

He spent many years in forming a small gold waggon, in which he harnessed two *fleas*, and made them drag the vehicle over a thumb-nail. He constructed a ring, which, by the aid of springs, opened and discovered two fencers fighting. He formed snuff-boxes with singing-birds, an artificial black-beetle that crawled along a table, and a hundred other curiosities, which ruined him by the loss of time, as every one was glad to gape at his toys, though few had money enough to spare to *purchase* them. He became a bankrupt, and had travelled on foot half over Europe to view foreign manufactories and curiosities, and once

once got himself into a prison, by an attempt to make himself master of a process in a work which might have made his own fortune, and been a benefit to his country. He saw all the curiosities in Switzerland ; and, during his residence in one of the Cantons, fell in with a genius congenial to his own.

In the house where he lodged was an old man, who gained his living by the making barometers, weather-houses, thermometers, and a variety of other curiosities. This man had taken it into his head that he had discovered the long sought for secret of the transmutation of metals ; he had been formerly a man of very considerable fortune, which he had entirely made away with by this chimerical project. He still, however, persuaded himself, that if government would have rendered him the requisite assistance, he should have succeeded in his designs, and astonished all Europe with this invaluable discovery.

Doublepop

Doublepop listened to all his air-bred schemes with attention, as he perceived a great portion of ingenuity mingled with even the wildest of his flights.

Among many of his projected improvements, he at last mentioned one for making a ship go without sails, and independent of *particular* winds, by the aid of a windmill which was to move to any side of the ship, and work by *steam*.

This thought struck the fancy of the young mechanic, and he resolved to give it his serious consideration.

He dwelt for some time on this mode of making a rapid fortune, till, from doubt and anxiety, he began to think THAT he *wished* might be *accomplished*. He studied till his brain began to turn; formed a small vessel, which, in a very great degree, answered his end, and bidding adieu to his friend the astrologer, set off for England with

with a full determination to submit his inestimable model to the Board of Admiralty. He felt so certain of success, that he built houses, laid out grounds (in the air), and fancied that his ingenuity and perseverance had at last met with their merited reward.

When he first came to London, and mentioned his schemes to some of his former acquaintance, they pronounced him *mad* beyond all power of cure: yet, as it has been often observed, there is hardly any thing which the English nation will not give credit to, the affair was beginning to make some noise, when it at last reached the ears of Francis Dives.

He at first was incredulous; but the idea of the *vast* sums of money which *might* be made by such an invention fired his mind, and kept him as much from his rest, as the trophies of a rival are said to have disturbed the repose of a Grecian general. He thought, that had all men been *sceptical*,
a ship.

a ship had never been launched on the ocean, and the Indies never discovered. “Who,” said he to himself, “would, a few centuries ago, have credited the phenomenon of the balloon, or imagined that men could gain command of so light an element as thin air? yet this has come to pass. Should the scheme of this young mechanic prove successful, what an inundation of wealth must pour in upon the fortunate patentee? It would almost equal the riches of the first discoverers of the mines of Potosi!”

He went on, working himself up with these big ideas, till he resolved to have a conversation with the projector; and if he found his schemes at all *feasible*, to embrace the happy opportunity before some more fortunate man should snatch it out of his hands.

He enquired out Doublepop the next day, who, to convince him he was no ignorant

norant impostor, produced many of his former mechanical works to the eyes of Francis, who, unused to sights of this description, almost suspected his new friend of working by the power of *magic*.

The model of the ship was at last brought forward, and the delighted merchant entered into an agreement with Doublepop, that he should advance the money for the construction of a man of war, as large as any in his majesty's service; that when they obtained the *patent*, they should be *equal sharers* in the profits; and that neither one party nor the other should betray the mechanical secrets of this, *more* than the philosopher's stone, under a very heavy penalty.

Before Doublepop could possibly commence his plan of operations, it was requisite that his debts should be paid, that his person might be at liberty—this was willingly done. Ground was to be bought and

and enclosed from public inspection ; another large expence which was chearfully complied with—an immense quantity of workmen, timber, iron, tools, &c. &c. &c. Francis started ; but he was forced to *sell out* to carry on the scheme. The vessel was at length built ; but from a mistake of one of the workmen in the formation of the steam engine, that and the mill were forced to be pulled to pieces, and the labor and expence of near two years recommenced with tenfold fury. Francis was half mad ; thousands on thousands were by this time expended, and yet he knew not how either to retreat or to proceed. He had told his wife he had entered into a concern, which would enable him to make an immediate and splendid settlement upon her, and she began to allow him no rest either by day or by night. He waited in a fever till he should hear that the whole was completed. After the loss of thirty thousand pounds, a letter arrived from Plymouth with an account of the finishing

finishing of the grand vessel ;—it was from one of the head carpenters, and was as follows :

“ To FRANCIS DIVES, Esq.

“ Honored Sir,

“ Mr. Doublepop’s fine plan has all ended in nothing at all ! He looked at the works last night, said as how he feared it would never do, and I always was of the same opinion, because as how I thought the thing was *unpossible*. Mr. Doublepop yesterday embarked in the ship Neptune, Captain Grig, bound for Boston. The bills for the last two thousand five hundred have been due, and will reach your Honor with the others. We are all of us very sorry, but we thinks as how your Honor can’t blame us ; as if the ship could have fetched her weight in dimonds, we should only have been paid for our *work*, and we have all done our duties, and kept your Honor’s *secret*. I am, with all the mens

“ com-

“ compliments to your Honor, your Ho-
“ nor’s servant to command,

“ DAVID DARBY.”

“ Please your Honor, will you have her
“ towed up to London, or shall we knock
“ her to pieces, and sell the iron-work and
“ timber? I assure your Honor she is not
“ worth the carriage.”

Thus were two-thirds of one fortune left by a father, another bequeathed by two aunts, and a third created from his own industry, in two years swallowed up by a *projection*!

I shall really feel relieved from a great deal of fatigue and anxiety, when I have come to the close of my recital of this unfortunate event. I am convinced that there is no part of my long narrative that will be more cavilled at than the circumstance I have just been relating. Many

men,

men, who set themselves up as judges of human nature, will certainly laugh at it as extravagant and improbable; but such things have often deluded, not only an individual, but the collective body of a great and wise nation.*

Many a man has been injured by *speculations*; and may my hand palsy, before I come to the conclusion of this sentence I am now writing, if I have entertained a single *thought* of holding the projector up to ridicule. To increase the comforts, and advance the interests of his family, is alike the sacred duty of the good man, the **GOOD FATHER**, and the *good CITIZEN*. In such an honorable endeavor he is to be *revered*, even where his attempt has *failed*; and his relatives are bound to be as grateful for his attempts, as if those efforts had been

* Vide Smollett's History of England touching the South Sea scheme.

crowned with the most brilliant and the most *splendid success*. He may say with Addison:—

“ ‘Tis not in mortals to *command* success ;

“ But we’ll do *more*, Sempronius, we’ll *deserve* it.”

CATO.

Many were the struggles the unhappy man had to surmount before he could make up his mind to inform his wife that all his air-bred bubbles were broken ; and that, instead of a handsome fortune, a bare gentility of competence alone had survived the last grand wreck. I think there is hardly a necessity for me to describe how this selfish woman acted on the occasion : tears, and the most bitter revilings, were exhausted on the devoted head of the unhappy Francis. She told him, in an agony, that had she followed her own opinion, and that of her friends, it had been out of his power to have reduced *her to that beggary* (*such was the term she gratefully gave to five hundred a year which still remained*)

she

she was now, she saw, fated to encounter; that all those friends had blamed her, for ever allowing him a moment's rest till he had made those settlements on her she had formerly proposed; that he had now brought a woman of rank and birth to a *sweet pass*; that he had made her a *men-dicant*, and could never hereafter do her justice, even if he was inclined.

Francis, who had always known *her* even *more elevated* than *himself* at his *successes*, was bitterly wounded at this strain of invective against his ill *fortune*. His thoughts darkened, the ardor of his pursuit in the race of wealth slackened, and his fortitude forsook him.

The memory of his past follies rose like tormenting ghosts to his sickly vision. His cruelty to his mother, to Henry St. Leger, to Briarly and his poor daughter, agitated his bosom with shame, with anguish, and with penitence. He cast up

his

his account of felicity, and found that, in the pursuit of inordinate wealth, he had forfeited every other real good, and had not attained the *one* he was in search of. In friendship, he had lost a man whom he now thought the world could never match. In marriage, he had slighted innocence, beauty, worth, and feeling; for pride, arrogance, vanity, and all uncharitableness. In this night of disappointment, this dreary waste of despair, one only day-star broke upon the gloom.

Martina yet remained; she held fast upon his heart-strings; for her happiness, for her welfare, he yet resolved to buffet with the waves of life.

He would sometimes, in his moments of despondency, recollect the awful and impressive malediction of the injured Briarly; and now, in the hour of adversity, trembling at the thought of moral justice, he shuddered for the purity of his *own* child.

He resolved to guard her steps with the most rigid precaution. She had a mind capable of happiness in *any* situation, and was the only person of the three who felt no kind of regret at the reduction which was about to take place in her father's establishment.

His house was sold, and they went into furnished lodgings, with only one man, and two maid-servants.

This was a bitter pill to the mother and the father; but to the daughter a matter of the most perfect indifference. Besides, too, her mother had lately been more kind than usual to her; lavished many encomiums on her person, her talents, and her virtues. While the poor girl saw those around her content, her *own* happiness was her last consideration; and she could have smiled as placidly in a hut as in a drawing-room.

CHAPTER V.

The mystery of the good humor of Mrs. Dives explained—Husband catching—Flirting—A father's objections to man-hunting—they are overruled—An assembly—A fine lady's morals, and manners—Love—Edmund Godolphin, a rich nabob's son, is received as the husband of Martina—Her joy—that of the mother—The father's explanation—Edmund's conduct—Wedding-day fixed—the news which defers it—A mother's conduct—The despair of two disappointed young people.

IN my last chapter I mentioned the sudden kindness of Mrs. Dives to her daughter. As it is my wish to draw consistent characters, it is my duty to explain that the good lady had her motives for this, as well as for every other action of her life. She saw her once great fortune miserably reduced, and her only study was how to repair it.

Experience had taught her a great many *arts* and sciences, and, to the eternal mortification of her husband, she had been very successful in putting her theory into practice.

The art of *husband-catching* had once settled her comfortably for life—she had a great inclination to try the same expedient with her daughter; but the mind of Francis, more liberal than her own, revolted at the idea: He still loved money, it must be confessed, but he loved his child yet *better*; and looked upon having her handed about to be gazed on like a horse to sale, by every ill-bred coxcomb, as little better than a licensed prostitution, and the idea startled the delicacy of his nature.

Mrs. Dives had no such delicacy in her composition; she looked on her daughter to be as much a property as a horse, or any other appendage to her establishment. Every one told her Martina was a beautiful creature,

creature, and needed only to be *seen* to command what sort of a husband she pleased. Company was very open to Mrs. Dives ; and, against the will of her husband, and totally without the knowledge of the unsuspecting girl, she carried her out husband-hunting every evening.

Martina, who was of a very domestic disposition, would much rather have stayed at home ; but her mother made a *point* of it, and, since her late losses, she was happy to do any thing which might alleviate her troubles, and contribute to her amusement.

An assembly, too, was a kind of thing she had never seen before, and the novelty of the scene tended to her diversion.

Mrs. Dives had renewed acquaintances she had dropped before Martina was born, that she might shew her merchandise in the most *fashionable* places ; and it was at the house of Lady Catherine Twiddle that

she commenced her operations for the siege.

Miss Dives thought she should be sure of meeting good *breeding*, and seeing good *company*. The rooms were crowded almost to suffocation. The lady of the house stepped forward on their first appearance, and saluted them with a curtsey down to the ground. She was painted like a Jezebel; and her face, plastered with white and red, bound up the smile she in vain attempted to assume: not a muscle moved, and the fixed glare of her countenance had an effect upon Martina so truly ridiculous, that it was with difficulty she prevented herself from bursting into a loud laugh. The antient dame of quality never had the good breeding to introduce the young stranger to any of the company; but, after making her *dip*, waddled away to the other end of the room, and left her extremely awkwardly situated among a mob of people she had never before set eyes on.

In

In this embarrassing situation she clung trembling to her mother's arm, who, eager to shew her, pushed undaunted through the crowd, and heard, with the most complete *sang froid*, the familiar remarks which startled the delicacy of her *inexperienced* daughter.

“ That is the wife and daughter of Mr. “ Dives, the rich merchant! Don’t you “ think her rather pretty? ”

“ Um—! damned aukward! ”

A couple of young coxcombs came up and stared them full in the face ; then, retiring about half a yard from them, began a loud conversation concerning their taste in dress.

The poor girl was quite abashed, and would willingly have retired ; but mama, quite delighted to see her the chief object

of attention among the young men, stood her ground as firm as a tower.

A lady about fifty years of age, but with every appearance of juvenility in her dress and manner, bustled through the groupe, and, advancing to the spot where the mother and the daughter had by this time taken their seats, approached a young gentleman, who was attentively employed in devouring all the muffins and cakes upon a waiter which a servant was holding out to him. The lady gave him a hearty slap on the back, and said, with an air of the most easy familiarity “Get out of that.” He started up, made her a bow, and twisted his countenance into a grimace composed of a grin, a leer, and a squint; and filling his two hands with cakes and muffins, gazed on the scene, which was passing before his eyes, with as much indifference, as if to *eat*, and to *stare*, had been the sole purposes for which a young man is sent into the world.

The

The lady, without waiting for an introduction to the daughter, addressed the mother :

“ How d’ye do, my dear Mrs. Dives ?
“ You don’t remember me, but I recollect
“ you very well. I think it is now near
“ twenty years since we first met ; and do
“ you know I have been DYING to see you
“ ever since ?”

“ Indeed,” thought Martina, “ then you
“ are the hardest person to kill I ever
“ heard of.”

Though these two dames had only met once, twenty years ago, and that at the house of a third person, they soon found reasons for considering themselves as near and dear friends.

Mrs. Longlangs (such was the name of this good lady) was a celebrated match-maker.

She was pleased to pay a great many compliments to the beauty of Martina, and pronounced that she had only to name the man of her choice, to bring *that man* prostrate at her feet.

The delighted Mrs. Dives entered into a strict intimacy with Mrs. Longlangs, who undertook to provide such a husband for her daughter as should be allowed unexceptionable on all sides, and by all parties. The morals and manners of fine ladies are, perhaps, subjects too sacred for the vulgar pens of humble novelists, we must therefore content us with remarking, that, in the games of *match-making*, and *husband-catching*, they sometimes proceed to lengths which might make persons, unacquainted with *genteel* life, equally wonder at their *morals* and their *manners*.

These two ladies had many secret consultations, and a variety of private meetings.

At

A length Mrs. Longlangs came with the glad tidings, that she at last had been lucky enough to meet with a man, who seemed to be the only one in the world who was a fit match for the lovely Martina. By a fit match for Martina, the good Mrs. Longlangs simply meant to say, that it would be an *advantageous* one for the mother.

Edmund Godolphin, the son of Governor Godolphin, a rich nabob in the Indies, was the presumptive heir of the vast property of his father. He had been sent to England for his education, and was now on the point of returning to India, a handsome, generous, liberal, noble-minded young man. Mrs. Dives, without the least hesitation, caught at this tempting bait. The young gentleman was introduced to Miss Dives, and subdued by her charms. He had some qualifications, which the girl no sooner saw than she loved ; and Francis, thinking it an advantageous match, though his heart bled at the thought of parting

with her, considered it as his duty to comply ; more particularly as his unlucky speculation with Doublepop had put it out of his power to ever hope to give her that fortune he had vainly flattered himself with the idea of bestowing on her.

By the consent of all parties, with the exception of the girl herself, Edmund Godolphin was received into the family as the man destined to be the husband of the lovely Martina ; and Mrs. Longlang received the grateful thanks of all for her indefatigable industry in bringing about so happy an event.

As Godolphin, in addition to the attractions of his fortune, had many personal, and some mental acquirements, he found no great difficulty in gaining the consent of Martina to their union.

There is said to be a peculiar charm in the number *three* ; we therefore advise every

every man, addressing the woman of his heart, to try *three* times, before he considers a negative as a positive refusal—it is only giving a lady a *fair chance*. Every one was joyous; the mirth of the father was mingled with some sadness at the near prospect of losing his child. The mother, happy to get rid of a rival, an expence, and an incumbrance at the *same time*, set no bounds to her festivity. The nuptial ceremony, by the unanimous consent of all parties, was to take place in a short time; and nothing could exceed the overstrained attentions of Mrs. Dives to her daughter and her intended.

Francis, however, who had something manly in his nature, and could not brook the idea of a man's marrying his daughter under the idea of finding her a fortune, and afterwards experiencing a grievous disappointment, determined to set him right in this particular.

Mrs.

Mrs. Dives earnestly conjured him not to say any thing on the subject ; but resolving that no one should ever treat his darling as an *impostor*, he formed the resolution of acquainting his intended son-in-law with the whole truth, and this resolve he put into immediate execution.

Edmund, who never had loved Martina but for *herself* alone, expressed himself willing to receive the object of his affections without a *guinea*.

The father was pleased at his liberality, but admired it in silence ; while mama poured forth a torrent of praise and admiration too *strained* to be of value, and too hyperbolical to be pleasing.

In a plain tale like this, we are forced to hurry on the action of the fable as rapidly as we can. Were we to interlard every incident we have to relate with reflections, sentiments, moralisings, and explications,

we

we might swell a work to eight or nine volumes, much perchance to our own entertainment, but we doubt whether the purchaser would be equally diverted with ourselves.

Edmund and Martina then were shortly as enamoured and impassioned as two young people could possibly be, and the gentleman often pressed the object of his affections to name the happy day. The daughter referred him to her parents.

Francis would have left it entirely to the young people; but there was a cautious policy about mama, which ever deferred coming to a decisive point. She always wished every one connected with her to conceive themselves under obligations to her, and, by putting off a match (herself had courted) from day to day, she imagined she should confer a most prodigious favour upon Godolphin, when she at last *should* deign to signify her consent.

Godolphin

Godolphin and Martina, in the mean time, considered themselves as pledged to each other by the most inviolable ties; and he wrote to India to the nabob, to inform him that, on his return, he should present him with a daughter-in-law.

The day of marriage was at last named.

Godolphin, animated with the most glowing anticipations of coming joy, made every requisite preparation for the ensuing ceremony. All was parties, sunshine, and smiles, till one fatal evening Edmund knocked at the door of Mr. Dives. The servant hesitated, but at length owned that the ladies *were* at home.

Edmund rushed up stairs, and found Martina pale, her eyes filled with tears, and leaning her head on her hand. When she saw him, she attempted to speak; but passion choaked her utterance, and she could only

only exclaim, in an inarticulate sob, “ Oh
“ God, Mr. Godolphin !”

“ Mr. Godolphin !—For heaven’s sake,
“ my dear Martina, what has your Edmund
“ done to merit so cold an appellation ?
“ What mean those tears ? Why do you
“ draw back your hand ? Is not that hand
“ mine ? mine by every sanction human
“ and divine; ratified on earth, and pledged
“ in Heaven !”

“ In HEAVEN, in HEAVEN !” wildly shrieked the poor girl, and rushing out of the room, left Edmund trembling with horror, and transfixed with surprise.

Mrs. Dives now entered, her brow clouded, and her mouth pursed up.

Edmund perceived that some fatal secret was about to burst into light, his lip quivered, and his knees knocked against each other.

Mrs.

Mrs. Dives commenced the conversation with perfect calmness ; told him she had something to communicate, which, she feared, would much agitate him, but that she was bound to perform her *duty*. She ended, by informing him that he and her daughter must *think of each other no more.*

“Eternal God!” cried the thunder-struck lover—“Am I awake? Have I my ‘senses?’”

“That is a matter of doubt with me, “Mr. Edmund; but *I* have. You are not “the *person* who proposed for my daughter: the claims which weighed in your “favor are now by right *another's*. Your “father is no *more*, and has acknowledged “a son by a marriage *prior* to his union “with your mother.”

Edmund clasped his hands in an agony; and exclaimed—“Is this true? Is it possible!”

“You

“ You will find it so, Mr. Edmund. A
“ gentleman will be with you this evening
“ who will expound the mystery. Your
“ elder brother is now in London. I have
“ seen him, *conversed* with him, have known
“ him for years.”

“ But, great Heavens! madam, if this
“ dreadful truth *should* be confirmed, must
“ the sins of the father be visited on the
“ devoted head of his miserable son? Mar-
“ tina is my bride, my—”

“ Hold, Sir;—remember the contract
“ fails on *your* side. You proposed for her
“ as a man who could make a *settlement* on
“ her agreeable to the wishes of her father
“ and myself; we have writings to that
“ effect in the house.”

“ And my affection—”

“ I do not doubt; but it is my *duty* to
“ guard the welfare of my family. I would
“ not

“ not shock you ; but, as the lover of our
“ daughter, you can never again be re-
“ ceived under this roof.”

“ Are you serious ?”

“ Most solemnly so.”

“ Then misery is the portion of Mar-
“ tina ; and hell has no torments equal to
“ my—my brain rocks !—my head turns !
“ —Send to me within an *hour* to tell me
“ you recall your fatal sentence, or expect
“ to be racked with horrors, equal, if pos-
“ sible, to the torments which convulse me
“ now.”

He darted to the stairs, was from the top to the bottom in a second, and flew raving into the street.

CHAPTER VI.

Appearance of the real heir of Governor Godolphin—His story—Is struck with Martina—Proposals to her mother—they are accepted—Hears of Edmund's passion—his conduct thereon—Martina is missing—Her letter—Edmund's appearance—Flies in search of his love—The rage of Mrs. Dives—The agonies of a father.

THE moment that the fever in his brain subsided, he rushed home to await the arrival of the messenger who was to explain the fatal mystery.

Hope began to dawn upon his mind. His father had ever been accounted a man of the strictest honor, of the most unsullied integrity: he had been affectionate to his mother, indulgent to himself.

He had sent him to London under the care

care of Sandford, his earliest friend, to be educated; and the sums he had allowed him at college, and since his quitting the university, had been so large, as to put it out of the power of any one to doubt his being the acknowledged heir of an immense fortune.

Sandford, the guide of his youth, was now absent: a rooted consumption had made a voyage to Lisbon necessary for his health. He had never hinted a suspicion of this fatal nature—how did he long for his presence, his advice, and his consolation!

A knock came at the door—his heart beat quick—his servant announced a name that filled him with gloomy terror—it was that of Donald Garvie, the faithful old Scotch servant of Sandford. “ My friend “ then is no more,” cried he to himself; “ the honest companion of his travels “ comes to inform me that he has perished
“ on

“ on the voyage ; and the only man who
“ could vindicate the fame of a wronged
“ father, and the happiness of his wretch-
“ ed son, lies buried on a foreign land !”

The entrance of Donald put an end to his conjectures. He bad him not be too agitated, but he came to announce the arrival of his master.

Joy sparkled, in flashes of the most vivid fire, through the animated eyes of Godolphin : he felt assured of victory, and all his terrors were dispelled.

The venerable Sandford entered, and he was in an instant locked in the arms of his old friend and guardian.

Edmund immediately asked to know the cause of his return. Sandford wished to wave the subject till the next morning ; but his young ward, conjuring him as he valued his peace, his happiness, and his reason,

reason, which were all, *that moment*, at the issue, to deal explicitly with him. Sandford waved his hand to Donald, who, for a moment, gazed wistfully at the young man with eyes suffused in tears; then sighed, bowed, and retired. Edmund rivetted his own countenance on that of Sandford; it spoke *volumes*.

He grasped the hand of his guardian, and solemnly conjured him to go on.

“ I have not proceeded farther than Paris,” said he. “ I have been detained there by letters from your father.”

“ He lives, then ?” (*eagerly*).

The guardian shook his head, and proceeded.

“ He died *suddenly*; but, with his dying breath, committed to my charge a *secret*. My dear Edmund, be a man!—be firm! “ —my

“—my *fortune* is a trifle; but *you* shall be
“*my son.*”

Edmund fell before him on his knees in an agony of passion, and begged him, for God’s sake, to relieve him from the horrors of doubt by one short word—
“Was my father married before he saw
“*my mother?*”

“Be collected—he was.”

Edmund tried to be composed. He was on the point of fainting, when a heavy perspiration, bursting in large beads from his forehead, gave him relief. He wiped the cold drops away with his handkerchief, and then begged his guardian to let him know all the fatal truth at once.

Sandford put a letter into his hands, and, with many a heavy sigh, he read as follows:

“ To CHARLES SANDFORD.

“ My frequent attacks tell me, my dear Charles, that your friend will shortly be no more. I once thought that I could have met death as firmly as the recorded heroes of antiquity. On the subject of religion we always differed. Attracted by the tinselled sentiments of atheists and free-thinkers, *I* imagined that I had surmounted prejudices, which the wise and the good have acknowledged in their *lives*, and the daring and the *bad* have trembled at in their *deaths*. I have neglected the moral duties in my life; and, I fear, must want the consolations they can bestow in *my* death. This letter, my dear Charles, will be long: it *must* be serious—it may probably be the *last* I shall ever write to you, and lay it to your heart.

“ At school we were *one*; the bonds of friendship united our hearts. Our early wishes

“ wishes were as opposite as our past fortunes have since been. *You* admired the “ peaceful virtues, and sighed for the philosophical and dignified life, you have “ led with credit to yourself, and dignity “ to human nature. You were content “ with your paternal fortune, small as it “ was; and have passed your life with all “ the *virtue*, without the *folly*, of a hermit, “ in the midst of a vicious metropolis. “ *My* fate made me a soldier, and my daring designs confirmed my father’s choice. “ You well know that, since my arrival in “ India, I have amassed a large fortune: “ you have ever paid me the compliment “ of supposing, that it could not be gained “ by dishonest means. No, by my *soul*! “ —not a guinea in my possession was “ ever earned by the groan of a slave, or “ the tear of an orphan! Yet have I crimes “ to disclose, which have ever weighed “ heavy on my heart—crimes which I have “ never *dared* to *hint* to you before, be- “ cause I knew that you would break off

“ every connection with the wretch who
“ had been base enough to practise them:
“ I knew they were discordant to your
“ principles, repugnant to your very nature:
“ but the same feelings, which made me
“ dread your *resentment*, make me confide
“ in your *justice*. Yes, Charles, a solemn
“ act of justice now remains to be perform-
“ ed, and I lay myself the victim of ab-
“ horrence at your feet that this sacred
“ duty may be *fulfilled*.

“ On my first joining my regiment, I
“ became acquainted with a young man of
“ the name of Lieutenant Melford: we
“ were then very young, and kept each
“ other countenance in every irregularity.
“ We were quartered at the town of Be-
“ verly, in Yorkshire, and, at an assembly
“ there, both fell desperately in love with
“ a beautiful female of the name of Jane
“ Alston. I must be brief on this painful
“ subject, as the bare remembrance shocks
“ me. She had been left an orphan by her
“ father

“ father (a respectable physician, who had
“ retired from business), and lived on a
“ mere trifle bequeathed her from the
“ fruits of her parents industry. She was
“ not above one and twenty, lovely, ten-
“ der, and virtuous. I found that I was
“ making some progress in her affections,
“ and once, in a moment of intoxication,
“ made her a proposal too brutal to be re-
“ peated. I was repulsed with scorn. The
“ agonies I afterwards felt were no com-
“ pensation for the crime I had attempted.
“ I wished to make her amends, by offer-
“ ing her an honorable reparation ; but
“ this I dreaded to put into execution, as
“ I knew I should forfeit, by such a step,
“ the connection of an uncle, who was so-
“ liciting the place in India by which I have
“ since acquired my riches. Perceiving,
“ however, that Melford had no such
“ scruples ; and, that I might lose her for
“ ever, I was worked up by *jealousy* to an
“ act which *integrity* should have suggested.
“ I proposed a private marriage. She

“ really loved me ; and, though all alive
“ to genuine purity, cared but little for the
“ opinion of the world. She sacrificed all
“ but her *honor* to my interests, and we
“ were *privately* married. When the cere-
“ mony was performed, I acquainted Mel-
“ ford with what I had done : he was
“ angry for some days, but at length ac-
“ knowledged that the beauty of the ob-
“ ject was an apology for the action, and
“ swore to preserve the secret till the death
“ of my powerful relative.

“ I shortly after gained my appoint-
“ ment, and was compelled to leave my
“ lovely girl in a state of pregnancy, un-
“ der the guardianship of Melford. He
“ removed her to an obscure cottage, where
“ she died in bringing a boy into the
“ world. When the news reached me in
“ India, let me own, with shame, that I
“ did not much lament the death of my
“ angel. Ambitious projects had succeed-
“ ed to the transports of affection, and I
“ wished

“ wished to conceal my former connec-
“ tions from my friends and all mankind.
“ Melford had married ; I sent him a sum
“ of money, and promised to remit him
“ further assistance, if he would acknow-
“ ledge the child as his *own*. He prevailed
“ on his wife to countenance this vile
“ scheme : they took the child from the
“ ignorant woman where he had been
“ nursed, retired into the country for a
“ few years, and, on their return, easily
“ passed off my *rightful* heir as their own
“ offspring. I went on, heaping wealth
“ for eighteen years after this : then, like
“ too many other foolish men, married a
“ woman young enough to be my daugh-
“ ter. She conducted herself with pro-
“ priety, but was every way the inferior
“ of my first wife. By her I had poor Ed-
“ mund, who will feel severely the sad
“ narrative of a father’s shame ; but if he
“ is the noble youth I trust Charles Sand-
“ ford has formed him, though he may

“ upbraid my *memory*, he will applaud my
“ *justice*.”

“ I do, I *must*,” here sobbed out the unhappy young man, who had often stopped to weep, and sighed over this momentous epistle. He struggled, and read on.

“ The *reputed* parents of my eldest son
“ died, after giving him an education for
“ the law ; the expences of which I de-
“ frayed. I also remitted him a sum of
“ money as a fortune, consoling myself
“ with the idea, that I had thus done my
“ *duty* by him. Barbarian that I was ! not
“ to consider that, by denying him the
“ protecting aid of a parent, I had robbed
“ him of one of the most invaluable bless-
“ ings of humanity ! Oh, Charles ! how
“ did my heart bleed, when I heard, by
“ accident, that my boy, cast on the ocean
“ of life without rudder or compass, un-
“ assisted by the watchful anxiety of a fa-
“ ther

“ ther and mother, had been exposed to
“ every vice and every villainy! with a
“ naturally good understanding, with a
“ noble heart, but no one to direct their
“ conduct, had fallen into the nets of fa-
“ shionable sharpers! *imitated* their vices
“ without *feeling* them, and made himself
“ ridiculous, with every qualification to
“ be an ornament to the world! from a
“ generous effort of friendship, led to the
“ brink of suicide! no father to snatch
“ him from the gulf of perdition! to di-
“ rect or to console him! but preserved
“ from a crime which would have con-
“ demned his soul to everlasting torments,
“ by the *accidental* and providential inter-
“ ference of a stranger! Oh, horror! hor-
“ ror! My agonising conscience convulses
“ my hand as I write my iniquities! What
“ then remains to wipe away the enormity
“ of my sins? Justice, *only* justice.

“ You must seek out the wronged Ti-
“ bullus—in my name implore his pardon,

“ and obtain his forgiveness. The *papers*
“ I convey with this letter, will put him
“ in possession of my fortune at my death.
“ Console and comfort my poor Edmund,
“ who has now no parent left. One thou-
“ sand pounds I bequeath him ; it is all my
“ conscience and my justice will allow me
“ to do. If his brother is a generous man,
“ I hope and trust his liberality will *supply*
“ *the rest*. Edmund would not wish his
“ father to die a robber and a villain.

“ This letter has been written at many
“ different periods. The painful secret is
“ at length opened to a friend who has
“ revered me for years. Oh, Sandford!
“ Pity ! pity and forgive me ! My physi-
“ cian tells me my complaints will soon be
“ at a period. I could have wished to have
“ had you at my bed-side at the awful
“ moment ; but how could such a wretch
“ have looked upon your honest face ? My
“ agent will transmit this letter to you
“ with all my papers, which you are most
“ solemnly

“ solemnly encharged to convey to Tibul-
“ lus (when I am no more) with your own
“ hands. Adieu ! Heaven bless you ! and
“ inspire you with forgiveness ! May my
“ sons love, protect, and assist each other ;
“ and may each of them prove a better
“ man than the dying

Barbadoes.

“ GODOLPHIN.”

This letter had been conveyed to Sandford ; he found it at Paris with the will and the papers. His love for Edmund, to whom he had been guardian from the days of his childhood, cost him many a struggle ; but the call of justice was imperious. He thought Governor Godolphin had been too *rigid* in his retributions, and that an *equal* division of his property would have been the fairest mode of satisfying his wounded conscience ; but he knew it to be the nature of man to run into extremes.

He sighed for the frail condition of hu-

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manity,

mannity, but *duty* was paramount to every other consideration.

He stayed at Paris some time after the papers, with a letter from the Governor's agent, which announced the death of old Godolphin, had reached him. He then came to London ; had seen Tibullus the evening before ; and now, with an aching heart, communicated the sad news to his ward.

Language faints under the task of describing the grief and agitation of this unhappy child of sorrow ! Not knowing how to direct to Sandford, whom he had supposed on his passage to Lisbon, he had not been able to acquaint his guardian with the story of his love. He had now to inform him of it : a more dreadful task remained behind.

agitated by the continual delays of Mrs. Dives, his passions inflamed by her unnecessary and selfish delays, Edmund, in a rash hour, when honor slumbered on its post, and nought but love and tenderness were waking, had taken advantage of the weakness of Martina, and planted the thorns of eternal remorse in *her* heart and his own!

Pause, ye libertines! on this fatal passage, when ye flatter yourselves with the *weak* hope of making future restitution: remember that, when the avenging demon of guilt tears your heart-strings, the promised retribution may be no longer in your *power*!

“ Curse me!” cried Edmund, when he had unfolded the fatal secret.—“ If my *father* dreaded the anger of Sandford, “ what must then become of *me*? ”

The good man clasped his hands together

ther in an agony of sorrow. Several miserable hours were spent before the guardian and his ward retired to rest.

Tibullus, the acknowledged heir of Godolphin, had, by the kindness of Hayward, got rid of all his former follies, and attained to honor and distinction at the bar, where he was now a rising example of what talent and perseverance are able to effect in that most truly liberal profession. Here, to his joy and surprise, he was greeted with his unexpected piece of good fortune.

Tibullus had often met Martina at public assemblies with her mother, and, penetrated by her charms, had forgot the injuries he had formerly suffered from Miss Panther and her brother; and, eager for an opportunity of observing the irresistible graces and virtues of the *daughter*, had made overtures of peace to the *mother*, which had been *accepted*.

Though

Though he was rising in professional emolument, he still knew that his fortune was far short of what the avaricious mind of Mrs. Dives would expect, and determined to struggle on till he could offer such a settlement as he knew would speak with the most prevailing eloquence.

The unexpected riches, which had now fallen upon him, shortened his labors; and, with the impetuosity of a lover, he flew to Mrs. Dives, laid open the whole transaction, and solicited the hand of Martina two hours after he had received the welcome intelligence.

The wary mother received him with smiles, complied with his desires, and, in that compliance, laid the scene of all the misery I have been just describing.

The bait was too tempting even for Francis, and he joined his wife in sternly forbidding his weeping daughter ever more to

to think of the abandoned and unhappy Edmund.

Tibullus was revelling in all the fond dreams of successful love and prosperous fortune, when, on his return to his lodgings, a servant informed him that a gentleman was in his apartment who would take no *denial*, but had insisted on remaining there till his return.

Shocked at this rudeness, which he supposed to proceed from some ill-mannered client, he walked angrily into his room..

A figure stood before him which he had not seen for some years.

His throbbing heart acknowledged the preserver of his life—the author of his prosperity—it was Peter Hayward!

Tibullus asked him, “ Why he had been “ so long absent, and why thus sudden in “ his appearance ? ”

The old man replied, “ that his life was
“ getting short ; he had no time to lose
“ in *ceremonies* ; that he was come to town
“ on business which concerned none but
“ *himself* ; but having by chance met with
“ Mr. Sandford (a worthy man he had
“ known many years ago), he had learned
“ what had passed, and was come to know
“ how he meant to act by his unhappy
“ brother ?”

The lawyer was hurt by his suspicion.
“ I will *share* our father’s wealth with
“ him,” cried he ; his eye beaming with
sensibility.

“ ’Tis right—’tis just—’tis generous.
“ But you have a sacrifice to make more
“ painful, but more noble—a sacrifice more
“ trying to the human heart, yet more ho-
“ norable to the dignity of human *reason*
“ than any that imagination can suggest—
“ in one word, you must *resign* your pre-
“ tensions to Martina.”

Tibullus

Tibullus turned pale.

“ You are a guardian, a practiser of the
“ God-like attributes of law and justice!
“ Would you then degrade your sacred
“ functions, and violate every law human
“ and divine? *force* a young woman to
“ the most dreadful and lasting perjury?
“ trample on the sacred codes of nature?
“ She loves your brother, is betrothed to
“ him. Tibullus, you are my friend, prove
“ yourself worthy of that title.”

He then unfolded the whole of the fatal history he had heard from Sandford.

Tibullus hesitated.

“ Can you then,” sternly exclaimed Hayward, “ hesitate between honor and infamy? I have *mistaken* you; farewell “ for ever.”

He darted an angry look at him, and
was

was making towards the door. Tibullus dropped on his knee, and passionately cried out:—“ Stay, Hayward!—friend of my woes!—preserver of my life!—more than father, stay!—*I make the sacrifice.* Be Martina my brother’s, and be Hayward still my father.”

“ Thine is the triumph, honor!” shouted Hayward, as he pressed him to his bosom.

Not a moment was lost: the old man hastened to Mrs. Dives, and told her all that had taken place. As the *money*, and not the *man*, was her object, she readily agreed that Edmund should be received again into her family as the intended husband of Martina.

The poor girl had been confined with a brain fever to her chamber, and was so ill, that it was thought necessary to keep the good news from her till her health was re-established.

established. She had talked wildly in her delirium, but her parents were yet ignorant of the fatal cause of her malady.

The good Sandford was entrusted with the care of letting in this day-dawn of joy upon the benighted mind of Edmund. He did it gently, but solemnly. For seduction he had a natural horror, which could not be eradicated by modern philosophers, nor by German dramas. He believed in a just Providence, and knew the vengeance *that* Providence had denounced on such crimes.

Edmund listened to him with penitential tears and awful reverence.

Hayward soon after conducted his young friend to the presence of his brother. The meeting was affecting. They vowed eternal friendship; and their two grey-headed benefactors wept at the triumph of *nature* over *interest*—a triumph *splendid* as it is *rare*.

A few

A few mornings afterwards, in compliance with the unwearyed solicitations of young Edmund, Hayward consented to accompany him to the house of Francis to enquire after the health of his ill-fated daughter.

The servant, who opened the door, appeared in confusion. A cold chill shot through the heart of the lover—they were shewn into a parlour—hurried steps were heard on the stairs—they were those of Francis. He rushed into the room, pale, wild, and trembling.

“ Oh God,” shrieked Edmund, “ is she then dead?”

“ Worse! worse! Oh, much worse!
“ My girl last night left my house; left it
“ in illness. Her reason had returned—
“ we thought her well—she knew me—
“ wept on my hand—pressed her fevered
“ cheek

“ cheek to mine—called me her dear fa-
“ ther—and this morning the door was
“ found open—she was gone, no one knows
“ whither—Oh, my girl, my child! my
“ child!” He sunk into a chair and sobbed
like an infant.

— All was silent horror.

The dreadful pause was broke by Mrs. Dives, who rushed into the room with a paper she had just found in Martina’s room. Her eyes were darting out of her head, and she could not speak for passion.

— No one had power to open the billet but Hayward, who took it with a tremulous hand, and read as follows :

“ TO MY DEAR PARENTS.

“ Reason has returned, would it had
“ never done so! Oh, Heaven! I can never
“ again look you in the face: seek not to
“ trace

“trace my steps. I would die for your
“happiness; but indeed, indeed, I can
“never see you more. God bless you!”

It was written with a pencil on a leaf
of her pocket-book.

Francis stared wildly around him, and
caught the eye of Godolphin. The young
man dropped on his knee, and stammer-
ing out,

“Curse the seducer of your child!”
fainted on the spot.

When he recovered he was raving; and
it was as much as Hayward and a servant
could effect to drag him into a coach.

“Ill-fated woman,” cried Francis, stern-
ly regarding his wife, “behold the effects
“of your boasted policy! Have I then
“struggled for wealth and honors for this?
“What does the sum amount to? I have
“broken

“ broken the heart of a mother, I have
“ wedded selfish pride, neglected every so-
“ cial duty, destroyed every domestic joy
“ for money, and now I am, *rewarded!*
“ Briarly too ; his curse rings in my ear :
“ it was *prophetic*. I now feel in my turn
“ what it is to have a child seduced : Hea-
“ ven is *just!*”

Mrs. Dives answered with bitterness, rage, and reviling. Francis breathed a groaning prayer for the recovery of his child, and his amiable consort swore she would never see, speak to, or look at her *again*.

VIRTUOUS POVERTY.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

*In which the Author has it all to himself for remarks,
that those who are eager for the story may pass over
—The shortest chapter in the work.*

ATTENTION for just two pages and a half, if you please, courteous reader! I had very little of the talk to myself in the last book, and think I may now, with some reason, ask to be heard quietly for a few moments, just while I make a promise.

In the course of these volumes, I should be happy to amuse the reader if I could;

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but

but hitherto I have wished, and to the end of my last chapter I shall still desire to make *amusement* subservient to a nobler, a greater end. I would aspire to rouse passions in the human heart of a more lasting and superior nature. I would inculcate (through the more amusing medium of a romance) the serious truths—

“ That God is *just*,
“ That Providence is *wise*.”

If thou callest such a design by the name of *sermonising*, throw away my book!

I repeat once more, that I will scatter *amusement* where I *can*; but, in the same time, I will shew avarice, violence, injustice, and oppression, in their true colors.

I solemnly disclaim a *personal* attack on any *real* character, *man*, woman, or child.

The pictures I draw are taken from the common characters of the world. If any one

one should challenge an *unmeant* portrait for his own, I can only *pity*, I can not help him.

General satire is a skilful *surgeon*—*personal* satire is a bungling *butcher*.

CHAPTER II.

Fraternal love—The decay of a rich man—A bankruptcy—Domestic joy—Discord—An exit—Faultless monster—Creditors—A spunging-house—A retrospect of violated duties—Scenes in a prison—Amusements and consolations for debtors—Retired distress—A female—Odd person described—A generous lawyer—Detainders—An unexpected visitor—Who and what—A scene of an uncommon kind—An exclamation.

AT the end of the last book we left young Godolphin in the care of Hayward, who gave him up to the affectionate attentions of Sandford, and his brother Tibullus, who watched him during his illness with all the zeal of fraternal love.

The active charity of Hayward demanded his presence in the country, and he was well pleased to leave the unhappy young man in such good hands.

The

The reader, I hope, will feel the same satisfaction, while we return to the afflicted father of the fair fugitive.

Day after day rolled heavily on, and no news of his lost child arrived to gladden the heart of the miserable Francis.

He advertised her, and solicited her return in the most affectionate manner, but all in vain! Gloomy doubts, and dismal terrors, laid hold of his disordered imagination. She left his house in a state of illness. Who could tell but that her frenzy had returned, and that she had been urged to self-destruction? This last idea was too painful, and he felt his own brain wandering while he gave way to it.

He had no consoling friend in his wife to pluck the thorn from his heart. She constantly reviled him with having loved his daughter better than he had ever loved *her*; and, to augment his domestic discon-

tent, his affairs began to fall into *decay*. He had entered into a large concern in a manufactory, which had been prosperous for many years, and almost made Mrs. Dives amends for his ill fortune with the young projector; but the war, which broke out at that period, reversed the scene: his business fell into decline, he could hardly find work for his men, and his agent in Manchester ran away many thousands in *arrear*. This last fatal blow fell on him a few days after the flight of Martina. A heavy torpor then numbed his faculties, he gave himself up to despair, his wife upbraided his misconduct, and every thing went wrong.

When the wheel of fortune begins to turn against a man, it turns with incredible velocity. Such was the case with the ill-fated Francis.

In a year after his daughter had quitted him, his name appeared in the *Gazette*.

He

He had several creditors who obstinately refused to sign his certificate, and he lived many months in all the apprehensions of a goal.

He who, in the hour of distress, has a partner to whom he can communicate his sorrows, and form in her arms a little world of his own, may bid defiance to calamities ! The possession of a virtuous heart is a fortress on which misfortune and oppression may batter in vain ! How bitter the reverse ! when domestic discord poisons the fountain of felicity, and aggravates the necessary evils of life !

This bitterness had Francis in a most pre-eminent degree ! He and Mrs. Dives had no remembrances of past endearments, no recollection of former acts of benevolence, no melting retrospection of former gentle, soothing, mutual forbearance ! They had much to upbraid, but nothing to comfort each other with. Ye wedded ones ! in

the hour of prosperity may this sad scene be your warning, not to be neglectful of each other's felicity. Should the hour of distress ever obtrude upon your joys, by looking back on former complacencies, you will tear the rod from the hand of poverty, and pour the day-break on the gloom of the dungeon! Worn with the constant and peevish reproaches of his wife, Francis eagerly listened to an affectionate proposal she made him of deserting him in his distresses, and going to reside with her distant relation, the Lady Twiddle, who had kindly offered her an asylum in this wreck of the fortunes of her husband.

As they met without affection, they parted without tenderness, and the lady was admitted as an humble friend into the mansion of her rich cousin, where, by her servility, adulation, and affected attachment to the family into which she had wormed herself, under the most apparent humility she soon became the principal personage

sonage in the house, and governed the whole family according to her own interests and caprices. The reader will be as well pleased as I am to have little more to do with this selfish, unfeeling, hypocritical woman.

Faultless monsters may be pleasing to the youthful reader; but if they make him look for such characters in real life, they will only mislead his judgment, and lay him open to impositions from designing men and women. He who reads a number of volumes filled with perfect angels, and mortal demi-gods, may, with as much profit, and more amusement, peruse the productions of Mrs. Bunch.

There were two of the creditors of Mr. Dives, who were firmly persuaded that he *had* friends who would rather pay the money for him, than see him exposed to the ignominy of a prison: with this impression on their minds, they issued a writ

against him, and he was conveyed to a spunging-house.

He himself entertained hopes, that his former acquaintance would not suffer this last indignity to fall upon him ; but, alas ! we may have a *thousand* acquaintances without *one* friend ! A friend is a rare jewel in any line of life ; among men in business still more uncommon. It had been an axiom transmitted to Francis by his father, “ *that friendship has nothing to do with “ trade ;* ” a cold, callous precept, which has sapped the foundations of honor, charity, and confidence.

It had been, however, so constantly in the mouth of Francis, that he was more grieved than surprised, when he found his former arguments retorted upon *himself*.

The man who, in prosperity, has been deaf to the necessities of *others*, has little reason to tax the world with ingratitude, if

if it looks on his difficulties with the same air of indifference with which he himself has stared upon the struggles of his fellows :—

“ In these cases,

“ We still have justice here that we but *teach* ;

“ Bloody instructions, which, *being taught*, return

“ To plague th’ inventor: this even-handed justice,

“ Commends the ingredients of our poison’d chalice

“ To our *own* lips—”

MACBETH.

and such was the case with Francis Dives, *no more* the rich man.

“ *Had I*,” said he, “ *been wise*, what
“ *woes had I avoided*? I might have kept
“ *St. Leger* by my side, and, whatever
“ *had befallen me*, *one friend* had been
“ *mine*! Had I been a good son, my con-
“ *science had been at rest*! Had I been an
“ *honest man*, I had not, *could not have*
“ *been more poor than I now am*; and
“ *had been possessed of a wife*, who, grate-
“ *ful for even an act of justice*, would, in-
“ *stead of leaving me in my troubles*, have

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“ *lightened*

“ lightened the load of my woes by sharing them with me! Had I been a kind father, I had preferred the *real* happiness of my child to my own interested views; and, by giving her generously to the man of her choice, not only shielded her from sorrow, from shame, and, oh God! most probably from an untimely grave! but had secured to myself a friend, and a son-in-law, who, in this trying hour, would have stood boldly forward in my cause. Fool that I have been! The truly generous are the *wise*, the avaricious are the short-sighted!”

These reflections came too late, and all his applications proving fruitless, he was lodged in the *Fleet* prison. A dull lethargic melancholy here took fast possession of his senses; all that had passed over his head within the last year seemed as a *dream*. Ambition, hope, even *avarice*, the most difficult of all passions to be extinguished, was dead within his heart: the

remembrance of his daughter sometimes roused him from his reverie, but it roused him only to sensations of the most poignant anguish.

He was treated with every lenity the prison would allow of, and, under less melancholy circumstances, might have been as cheerful as many other of the debtors, who, except the want of liberty, seemed to have every indulgence which could be granted.

He here saw the great world in miniature, as the debtor's side was crowded by men of every rank, profession, and character. Clubs were established, the glass went jovially round, the bankrupt merchant kept his hopes alive by the contemplation of future airy projects of wealth, and the poet found, in the revision of his own works, that comfortable satisfaction, that complacent pleasure in his writings, which the most diffident of authors must feel,

feel, though he may *sometimes* have the sense to keep it to himself. One unhappy pair alone, like Francis, kept themselves confined to their own apartments.

A gentleman lived with his wife in the closest retirement.

They were attended, during the day, by a female of a peculiar figure and description.

Illness had confined the husband to his chamber since the first arrival of Francis, and this faithful domestic came to him every morning, and waited on him with an affectionate assiduity, which gained her the admiration of every one in the prison, as the roughness of her exterior gave but little indication of the innate goodness of her heart.

She was dressed in a soldier's jacket, and a coarse blue petticoat: her stature was

was robust, but she was well formed : she wore an old hat, under which she displayed a countenance that seemed to have attracted the whole malice of the goddess of ill-luck, one side being marked with large black grains, and the other disfigured by the loss of an eye ; her middle teeth seemed to have been violently knocked out, and her nose appeared to have been levelled with her face by the force of some desperate blow. Under this uncouth appearance lay buried a heart which would have reflected honor on a court, or a ball-room.

It was well known that her exertions alone had supported the poor gentleman and his lady during his illness.

The story of this affectionate couple and their servant, excited the interest and curiosity of every one in the prison, and Mr. and Mrs. Marlow were the objects of universal esteem and admiration to the whole place.

The

The character which Francis heard of them, inspired him with an eager wish for their acquaintance. Disgusted with the thoughtless levity of the crowd of beings by whom he was surrounded, he longed for the conversation of some rational being —some gentle heart softened by kindred sorrow! In the hour of wealth he had neglected the blessings of friendship, and now began to perceive the value of the treasure he had thus slighted: what would he not now have given to have recalled his conduct to St. Leger? In this dreary manner he passed his days: no sound of joy struck upon his ear, no comfort enlivened his heart: he knew no transaction of his *past* life on which he could look back with pleasure, and no hope lay in the perspective to animate him for the *future*: his slight means were suffering a daily decrease, and a life of imprisonment was all he had now to expect. Tibullus Godolphin generously supplied him with what he stood in need of during his confinement,

ment, but *detainder* on *detainder* came so thick upon him, that it was out of the power of the generous young lawyer, rich as he was, to do more for him. Poor Edmund, under the care of Sandford, remained a melancholy maniac.

One of the turnkeys informed Francis, early one fine morning, that a stranger desired to speak with him. Francis begged he might be admitted. To his shame, grief, and confusion, he beheld the countenance of the much injured *Briarly*! His robust features were saddened by sorrow, and furrowed by time. They looked mournfully at each other: the farmer advanced, stretched out his hard hand, and burst into tears.

“Reproach me! revile me!” cried the agitated Francis. “Oh, *Briarly*! *Briarly*! “your curse has *fallen* heavily on my “head, and I have suffered all the woes
“I brought

“ I brought on you : I cannot ask you
“ to pardon me.”

- Briarly wiped away the iron tears that rolled down his cheek. “ Give me your hand,” said he: “ forget and forgive is what we *all* ought to do. I do forgive thee with all my heart and soul ; and do thee forgive *me*? When I was so wicked as to curse thee, thee wast *proud*, thee wast *rich*. Sinner that I am, I did not mean to curse thy poor *child*. I was a wicked wretch for that, and God Almighty has punished me for it ; for, since I have heard what has happened, I have never known one happy hour. I did not pardon thy sins, and how can I hope that the Lord will ever pardon *mine*, sinner that I am !”

This was too much for Francis : he clasped the farmer in his arms, and wept like a child. The warm drops of *penitence* fell

fell like rain from his eyes ; and, in this flood of grief, he felt a something more like joy than he had before experienced for many a year.

Such is *guilt*—such is *repentance*.

CHAPTER III.

An account—A penitent—A simile—A retreat—Two simple maxims—A piece of chit-chat between an author and a reader—Vengeance and pity—An offer—A reflection—Children and money—A promise—A caution—An escape—The use of a Bible—A young woman—A natural child—The voice of nature—Consolations—Nature the best teacher of philosophy—Debtor and creditor—Different sorts of beauty—Why a man should be older than his wife—An appeal.

FROM Briarly he learned that, after bringing a child into the world, the victim of his perfidy had lived but a few months.

All endearments had proved fruitless to recommend her to life. Time, which reconciles the more polished and more lettered to their vices, had only augmented the sense of shame in her mind: she never held

held up her head. When her child was born, she commended the infant to the care of the grandfather, but expressed a satisfaction in the prospect of her own dissolution. An innate rectitude of heart told her, that when the baby grew up, it would be *her* duty to impress its mind with sentiments of virtue—every lesson must wring her own heart: she died a sincere penitent. The precious charge she had committed to the care of Briarly, had been guarded for eighteen years as a sacred deposit. Beautiful as her mother, all his cares centered in shielding her from the ills which had destroyed *her*—in preserving the opening blossom from the piercing blight which had nipped the parent rose upon the stem.

The history of the fortunes of Briarly, since the denunciation of the curse which had been pronounced on the head of Francis, may be soon related, and is necessary to be told.

Hayward

Hayward had religiously kept the promise he had made to Henry St. Leger, of protecting the farmer and his daughter. He carried them down to Wales, where he settled Briarly in a romantic situation in Caernarvonshire. His skill in farming, with the assistance of his generous friend, soon raised him to every comfort a broken heart was capable of enjoying. Here his daughter was sheltered; here she died; here he bred up his grandchild with more than a paternal anxiety.

It is but justice to the character of Francis to state, that his wounded conscience had often flown him in the face, and that he had made frequent enquiries after the unhappy victim of his perfidy; but the poor girl had too much real contrition to wish to see or hear more of him. She had exacted a solemn promise from Hayward never to mention the place of her retreat, and had prevailed on her father to take the name of Griffith.

Hayward

Hayward, who had resolved that none of them should ever have the least occasion for the *bounty*, felt no difficulty in concealing the unhappy family from the *knowledge* of Francis.

Some affairs had called Briarly to London. He had greatly improved the arts of agriculture around his farm, and was forced to make a short visit to the metropolis for some materials of knowledge, by which he hoped to be of service to the laborious part of the community for many miles round him. Though a very unlettered man, he was wise enough to know that it was the duty of every human creature to do as much good *as he can*, and though his was an *humble* province, he was resolved not to *neglect* it.

He had suffered too much in the person of a beloved child, not to be wary in leaving his grand-daughter without a protector, and therefore brought her up with him.

The

The sudden fall of a man so well known as a person of wealth as Francis had formerly been, was sure of making some noise in the world, and the news reached the ears of Briarly before he had been in the metropolis two days.

The beautiful maxim of *do good for evil*, is as simple as it is sublime. A capacity much more dull than was that of an honest farmer, may be capable of discerning this amiable doctrine.

The Author of our mild religion has composed his legislations for the unlettered as well as the learned. The peasant, who has been taught these two simple precepts, “*Do unto others as thou wouldest that others should do unto thee*,” and “*forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that have trespassed against us*,” has acquired a stock of knowledge adequate to every occasion to which a man can be exposed at any time, and in any situation.

READER.

READER. "Pray, Mr. Author, are you
"writing a *novel*, or a *sermon*?"

AUTHOR. "If I had abilities to write a
"good sermon, I would not waste my time
"in a novel; but, at present, my sermon
"is necessary to the *facts* in question."

READER. "I can't see how."

AUTHOR. "I will tell you, then. The
"two maxims I have just quoted, had been
"early impressed on the mind of the far-
"mer, as sacred and inviolable duties from
"man to man: under a sense of injury,
"he had pronounced a heavy curse against
"a fellow-creature. In the blindness of
"his passion, he had involved the *innocent*
"as well as the guilty, in the malediction
"he had breathed: a terrible violation of
"another moral duty was superadded to
"his imprecation.

"The miseries he had so seriously in-
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“ voked upon his enemy were now come
“ to pass. Vengeance gave way to pity,
“ and the *christian* trembled at the conduct
“ of the *man*. Art thou satisfied? No!—
“ but the farmer *was*: he resolved to ex-
“ piate his fault. This sermon was neces-
“ sary to explain the alteration in his sen-
“ timents.

“ *Go thou and do likewise.*”

Briarly comforted the fallen man with all that genuine philanthropy of a good mind, which wishes to forget an injury without adverting to the past; and do a liberal action, without that whine and cant which makes affection suspicious, and benevolence disgusting.

He told him, he had saved a handsome sum by œconomy and industry; that he was willing to discharge his debt if it lay in his power; and that his *heart* and *home* were at his service.

Francis

Francis was pierced with all the sensations which every man must find upon meeting a friend, when he knows, at the same time, that he has never, by any action of his life, *deserved* to have one.

Briarly heard, with unaffected sorrow, that the debts of Mr. Dives exceeded all his power of relieving him.

“ Let not that afflict you, my worthy, “ noble-minded friend,” said Francis ; “ but you may yet bless me with the sight “ of—but, no!—she must hate, she must “ curse me! ill-fated girl! She cannot clasp “ a father, without embracing the mur- “ derer of a mother—how curst a wretch “ am I! Children, the objects of consola- “ tion in every trial, every affliction, to “ other men, are bound to hate the sight of “ me! Poor Martina! Poor Louisa! Oh, “ money, money! would thou hadst ever “ hid thy accursed head in the bowels of “ the earth!”

He was inarticulate with passion.

Briarly, affected at this appeal from the heart of a parent, bade him be of comfort. He told him, “ that had he remained *rich*, “ he would never have suffered his daughter’s child to have known her parent, “ and been received on *courtesy*, while the “ misfortune of her birth might have exposed her to the unfeeling sneers of an ill-judging world: but that, in his present forlorn and disconsolate state, he should think himself the worst of monsters, if he detained the daughter from the arms of a father who stood in so much need of her tender attentions.” He promised to bring her to him the next morning; “ but bade him collect all his fortitude for the interview, as he would behold in her the living picture of her much-injured mother. She was of a timid, delicate nature,” he added, “ and it would be as much as he could hope to effect, to prepare her for so agitating a scene.”

Francis

Francis thanked him. He desired but to see her, to shed the tear of repentance in her arms, and then to resign her to the care of the man who had a claim so superior to that of an unnatural father.

Briarly left him, begging him to compose his thoughts for his own sake, and for that of the poor girl.

The night was past by Francis in sorrow and anxiety. He felt a ray of comfort break on his clouded mind, when he thought he had still *one* being who was tied to his heart by the all-powerful cord of nature!

But this joy, alas! was mingled with many a bitter drop of agony. The thought of the child he had *lost*, conjured up a thousand images to his view too painful to be endured: it damped the pleasure he was about to receive from the child he had *found*.

Thus every man who makes money his *idol* sets duty against duty, passion against passion, and raises a tempest in his own bosom which *adversity* may augment, but *prosperity* cannot *allay*!

He rose early in the morning, and walked about the yard of the prison in a state of the most restless anxiety.

A man, muffled in a great coat, approached towards him with folded arms; his steps were slow and measured, and his whole demeanor pourtrayed a mind absorbed in the most melancholy ideas.

He advanced towards Francis, looked him in the face; and then, giving a sudden spring backwards, rushed up the stairs which led to his own apartments with every appearance of agitation and aversion.

“ ‘Tis right,” said Francis. “ The mark
“ of guilt is set upon my forehead, and
“ man

“ man and Heaven desert me ! Have I a
“ right to complain ? Have I not sacrificed
“ all the ties of nature and of friendship to
“ the love of money ? Did I ever feel any
“ sentiments of compassion for the suf-
“ ferers around me while I was in posses-
“ sion of it ? Can I now blame the world
“ for following the example I myself have
“ helped to set it ?—No ! Let me not add
“ injustice to the black catalogue of my
“ failings ; I *deserve* to suffer, and can have
“ no claim to *murmur* ! ”

He retired to his chamber ; a book lay on his table ; it was a Bible he had brought with him, among a few other old volumes. He opened it, and saw in the first leaf these lines, written by a female hand.

“ The gift of Amelia St. Leger to her
“ dear Henry, who, while he keeps this
“ book, will never want a *friend*. ”

“ Indeed ! ” cried Francis, “ and hast

“ thou lain so many years neglected, in the possession of one who, since the time thy owner left thee with him, has never known what is was to have a *friend*? I will *try* thy virtues.”

He read half an hour. The passage he hit upon was from the sublime Book of Job. Tears stole gently down his cheeks, but those tears fell like the dews of morn upon the withering plant of hope in his bosom: he was moved, he was affected, and he was *relieved*. He wondered at what he had read, as he had always considered the Scripture as a *dull, dry* book, full of nothing but rigid dogmas and gloomy threats—he found he had been deceived. He felt the assurance of better days as he read, and resolved to *despair* no more.

In this calm temperament of his mind he heard a knock at his door.

His heart fluttered!

The

The door was opened.

It was Briarly, who led in a lovely young woman, blushing and trembling, as with unsteady steps she advanced towards Francis, and threw herself upon her knees before him.

Briarly averted his face when he heard the deep groan which the penitent father heaved from the bottom of his heart as he fell on her neck.

“ Father !” said Louisa, in a tone sweet as the voice which the virgin seraph hymns on her golden harp when the planets begin their splendid duties.

The sound thrilled every nerve. “ My “ injured child !” was all he had the power to say : sobs and sighs choaked his utterance.

“ Father !” continued the still kneeling,

H 5

Louisa,

Louisa, (*raising up her two blue eyes, swimming in celestial fluid, to his face*)—"check
" your sorrow for the sake of your poor
" Louisa, who is come to love, to honor,
" and to comfort you: she will try to
" make up the loss of her dear sister. Look
" on me, my dear father! look on me, and
" bless me! Though all the world should
" leave you, *I will never, never, NEVER*
" leave you!"

This forcible appeal to the feelings of a father were seconded by the kind exertions of Briarly, who used every effort, in conjunction with his grand-daughter, to compose the troubled spirit of the afflicted Francis. They at length succeeded, and the transports of the father subsided into a fixed melancholy, as he gazed on the angelic features of Louisa.

He saw her mother in every turn of her countenance, and his wounded conscience began to bleed afresh.

He

He was soon, however, recalled to his senses by the generous farmer, who bade him rouse and be a man, and recollect he *now* had the duty of a father to perform.

He then told him, that Louisa no sooner heard he was a prisoner, than she earnestly begged to be allowed to wait on him in his prison ; and declared, that all the pleasures of returning to her home in the country would be destroyed, if she was forced to leave the dear author of her being confined within the gloomy walls of a wretched prison.

Were I to paint the look which Francis *then* gave Louisa, I should only make that expression weak, which imagination alone can form with proper energy.

Briarly would not *allow* his sensations to gather sufficient force to overpower him. He told him that, in compliance with the wishes of Louisa, he had taken a small

lodging near the prison ; that he and the girl would visit him every day ; that his creditors would soon grow tired of keeping a man in prison, when they found that it was quite out of his power to pay them ; that a few months would certainly bring his release, and then they would go down to Wales together.

Briarly consoled him in a plain, blunt, rational manner, which had more effect upon him than all the jargon of the schools could possibly have afforded. The philosopher, in Rasselas, is an excellent type of what *general* precept can effect in *particular* sorrow. The philosophy of Briarly, taught by *nature*, the *truest of all* philosophers, instead of diffusing itself in *generals*, came home to the immediate circumstances of the *man*.

He urged, that *he* was now approaching with rapid steps to the grave ; that Louisa would then stand in need of a protector, to

to shield her from the ills of life ; that the hawk was always hovering to pounce upon the dove, the fox continually on the prowl for prey.

To whom could his lily of the valley look up for protection so properly as her father ? A parent's arms alone could shelter the opening blossom from the ills of life !

“ And yet,” thought Francis, “ I have seen *one* blossom nipped ! ” He could not help, however, listening with something like pleasure to the plans the farmer kept holding out to his future consideration.

He promised to instruct him in the arts of agriculture, which, he said, he was by no means too old to learn ; and that, with attention, he might not only be able to live comfortably, as *he* had done, but to leave a little property to his child. The earth, he said, was a good mother, and always

ways took care of those children who were not neglectful of *her*. The idea of this pastoral life kept the hopes of Francis *alive*. In the retirement which Briarly had proposed, he thought he might attain *tranquillity*, although he despaired of ever arriving at *happiness*. He wrote to the most inflexible of his creditors, and urged the absurdity, as well as the barbarity, of confining a man in a prison, who could have no possible means of satisfying their demands.

He stated that, in these cases, it was every way more *prudent*, as well as more *humane*, to give the debtor a chance of retrieving his affairs by a future exertion of his abilities, as, if an *honest man*, he would certainly feel himself bound to do justice by men who had dealt so kindly and so honorably to *him* in his distresses. That, on the other hand, by a persevering rigor in the severity of the law, they only kept a man from being just, even though he
eagerly

eagerly desired to be so, and robbed themselves of all possibility of future restitution.

These arguments were not without their effect on some of the creditors of Mr. Dives. There is a more exalted sense of reason and humanity among the generous and mercantile part of the community of Great Britain, than can, in general, be found among any other set of people in the world. Tibullus Godolphin aided Francis with the assistance of his legal abilities, which were daily rising in reputation and request.

He brought him hopes of gaining over all his creditors in a short time. He was delighted with the blunt sense, feeling, and open candor of old Briarly, whilst the filial piety of Louisa had the most pleasing effect upon his mind.

The unhappy Martina, the object of his former passion, was what would have struck

struck the generality of the world as a more perfect beauty. Her stature was above the middle size ; her hair was dark, and her nose of the Roman kind ; her features all strongly marked, and her dark eye had sparkled with more of the vivid flashes than the mild softness of intelligence.

Louisa Briarly was a beauty of a more feminine kind : the other *surprised*, but she *melted* the soul. Her soft blue eyes had more tenderness than fire : she had less of the Cleopatra, less majesty ; but nature had adorned her with graces which, in the article of personal beauty, more than made up the deficiency.

Tibullus was almost old enough to be the father of either of the ladies : he was far from what would be called a handsome man. He was, however, of a thin habit ; and the same features which had made him look old at nineteen, made him wear the appearance of youth now he was fast verging upon forty.

Every one must have observed, that men and women of blooming complexions and delicate features more easily receive the stamp of years, than those whom nature has distinguished by less pleasing but more perdurable countenances.

A man of forty may, without much vanity, aspire to the hand of a woman not more than half his age, and it has sometimes proved for the happiness of both parties when this difference has taken place. Female beauty makes its appearance at an early age, and, with the exception of a few instances, vanishes at the period of manly prime. He who, at a very early stage, marries a woman of his own standing, runs the risk of having an *old* wife: we therefore contend, that a young woman consults her real interests, when she chooses a husband who has the advantage of her in point of years. She shall then charm with her beauty, till the age of her consort shall teach him to admire her for more solid

solid qualifications. She will then stand a chance of uniting her fortunes to those of a man whom experience has taught how to select, and who will admire in her virtues the wisdom of the choice he has made! She will find, in addition to the mere lover, the counsellor, the protector, and the friend.

I have said thus much, lest the reader should be disgusted with Tibullus for fixing his affections on *two* such very young women.

If my reader is about three and twenty, he will think my remarks very foolish: should he chance to be between nine and thirty and five and forty, he may probably say,—“ the fellow has some sense in *this!*”

Whether I am right or wrong in my position, certain it is that Tibullus *did* look with an eye of favor on the simple, youthful beauties of poor Louisa Briarly.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IV.

Why a man may be tolerably generous without parting with his last shilling—An agitation—A discovery of an old acquaintance—A meeting—A reconciliation—An introduction—A farmer's jealousy—Conviction—and grounds for approbation—Affability and affection—Illustrious example of the former—Corn—bitter remembrances—A request—complied with—A prefatory matter.

WHEN Tibullus discovered that this interesting young creature was the sister of the woman to whom he had formerly offered his hand, he began to redouble his exertions in favor of her father: for certain it is, let the nature of a man be ever so generous, there are some natural passions in the human breast which operate as powerful stimuli on benevolent as well as selfish minds; and we have somewhere, in the setting out of this work, had occasion to

to remark, that *love* is one of the affections which may be classed under this head.

It may be supposed, then, that Tibullus would immediately have discharged the debts of the father, and led his blushing bride to the hymeneal altar ; and were we recording a *mere* romance, it would be a very easy, as well as a very pleasant way of dispatching the business at a *blow*.

But Tibullus was neither a *Don Quixotte* nor an *Amadis de Gaul* : he had no taste for love in a *cottage*.

Let it be remembered, that he had already made over the *half* of his fortune to his *brother* Edmund. A man may be a very liberal character, though he does not allow himself to be utterly *ruined* by his liberality. Should he pay the debts of Mr. Dives, his own fortune, he knew, would be so contracted, as to disable him from maintaining any woman in that sphere in which

which the world would now naturally expect a wife of his should move. I have certainly said that he was *advancing* fast in his profession, but he had still much to do.

There are few men like Mr. Er——e, whose talents are so stupendous as to strike with a glance, and carry conviction in every sentence. A man may have great talents, and yet be contented to rank far inferior to men whose abilities have seldom been *equalled* and never *surpassed*!

He resolved, therefore, to endeavor to extricate him by his professional exertions, before he dropped a *hint* of the passion by which he was inspired.

There are some people who never think a man can give *enough*, while he has a shilling *left* to give! such people may accuse the lawyer of *selfishness*: I can only state matters as they *are*. Perhaps his cautions might

might be *very sordid*—I only wish to have it granted that they were *very natural*.

Francis began to be reconciled to his fate. Louisa spent the *whole*, and the farmer *most part*, of the day with him. His daughter soothed his mind by reading the Bible to him.

Reader, do not be frightened, I am not going to bore thee with another long homily on the virtues of the Scripture. I shall only say that it was of great use in the present instance; and if thou shouldst ever be afflicted with a grief thou 'thinkst incurable, *try it*. Thou hast done thus much for some quack's nostrum, which has promised an alleviation of *corporeal* suffering; in a *mental* paroxysm it may be worth the *experiment*.

As they were sitting one morning absorbed in conversation, the old farmer burst

burst into the room. He appeared much disturbed: he sat down breathless on a chair, and, clasping his trembling hands together, exclaimed—“ Thank God ! thank God ! I have long searched for him, and now I have seen him, I have found him ! ”

“ Seen who, dear grandfather ? ”

“ My friend !—your mother’s friend !—your father’s !—every one’s ! ”

“ Hayward ? ” interrogated Francis.

“ No, not Hayward—Heaven bless him !—the man I mean is— ”

“ Who ? ” exclaimed Dives, almost fainting with expectation.

“ Henry St. Leger.”

“ St. Leger—Gracious Providence !—When ? how ? where ? ”

Briarly

Briarly then told him, that as he came into the prison, he observed a man talking to the governor in a very earnest manner.

He thought he recollects his countenance, and advanced eagerly towards him. The stranger turned full upon him—it was St. Leger! Illness and time had made sad ravages on his countenance, but the benevolent eye, the manly air remained.

The emotions of Briarly checked his utterance: he was for some time before he could faintly exclaim—"Mr. Henry!"—

The stranger gave him a look, which forbade the pronunciation of his name, and told him he would speak to him in a moment.

Then asking the governor if he was sure there were no letters for him, received an answer in the negative, and bowed.

"Good

“ Good morning, Sir,” said he, with a sigh.

“ I am rejoiced to see you better, Mr. Marlow,” replied the governor, and left him with Briarly.

“ I perceive you *know* me,” said St. Leger ; “ but, as you have not the look of a villain, I am sure you do not wish to convert that knowledge to the prejudice of an innocent man : for, God knows, I *am* innocent, though unfortunate ?”

“ You unfortunate ? You, Mr. St. Leger ? the poor man’s friend ! Then, who has right to expect happiness in this world ?”

Briarly then made himself known to him, and his new found friend expressed the warmest satisfaction at this unexpected rencontre.

When he heard of the misfortunes of

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his former affluent friend and school-fellow, his feelings were very strong.

He informed the old man, that he had lived so secluded, for many particular reasons, since his first entrance into the prison, that he knew nothing of his fellow-debtors ; that a severe illness had confined him to his own apartment since the period when Francis must have arrived there ; and that he had endeavoured so earnestly to shun the sight of *every one*, that he could not be at all surprised at what had taken place.

Briarly was earnest to know his reasons for adopting a mode of conduct so mysterious ; but he only replied, by saying, “ It *was a long story,*” and then eagerly enquired after the health of his old companion. All censure of his conduct was suppressed in *pity* for his sufferings. His error, he said, had been fatal to *many*, but had been more than expiated by the sorrows that had fallen upon him.

Briarly then expressed a hope, that resentment for former injuries would not act as a preventive to his reconciliation with a man who had been humbled by adversity.

St. Leger smilingly replied, that the farmer had set him too good an example of christian forbearance to make such a question at all necessary: that he had ever loved his old play-mate, and lamented the errors that had clouded his good qualities; and, had he known that he had been so rudely afflicted by calamity, he would have sought him out, and used every method to soften the pressure of the heavy stroke which had fallen upon him.

They parted, and the farmer came in haste to Francis, to inform him of what had taken place.

Sorrow tries the heart, and makes it easy for the impression of gentle perceptions!

The forsaken Dives felt many emotions of shame at the thought of meeting a man to whom he had behaved in so unworthy a manner; but the recollection of his open heart and generous disposition, made him confident that he had every thing to *hope*, and nothing to *fear*, from the manly, the liberal St. Leger.

Briarly was dispatched to bring him to his arms.

When Henry entered the apartment, Francis was struck with his meagre appearance: poverty was written with a legible hand on every feature of his face.

The friends advanced to each other with swimming eyes. Francis averted his head, as he grasped the yet fevered hand of St. Leger. Henry clasped it with all the warm energy of his youthful friendship. The image of early scenes rushed on the fancy of both, and they fell into the arms of each other.

Francis

Francis would have faltered out a kind of apology, had not his friend prevented him by an impassioned look, and the farmer vehemently exclaimed—“No speechi-
“fying; forget and forgive—and God for-
“give us all.”

A number of tender enquiries now took place on either part, and Henry promised to introduced his Cecilia to the acquaintance of Louisa.

“ You have been married, then?” said Francis.

“ I have,” answered Henry, “ and to an angel, who has supported my fainting spirits in every struggle, every toil, and every difficulty: has cheered me in poverty, in danger, in beggary, and priv-
“ sons.”

“ I have a wife, *too*,” rejoined the heart-stung Francis, “ who made my prosper-

“ous days bitter, and deserted me in my
“troubles.”

St. Leger begged him to brood no more over his troubles, but to raise his hopes to future and to happier days. He assured him that every man was exposed to trials, and that the attribute of humanity was to bear those evils with fortitude.

They had much interesting conversation; and Henry, on his departure, promised to bring Mrs. St. Leger in the evening. She was a woman, beautiful and interesting in her appearance: a kind of cheerful sadness sate upon her placid countenance. Her dress was neat and elegant, although it was very evident that she had been hardly put to it to preserve that air of good-breeding and gentility, which was yet more evident in her *manner* than in her habit.

There are *some* women whom no decorations

tions can make look fashionable; so, *vice versa*, there are *others* whose innate superiority even rags cannot hide or conceal. Such a woman was Cecilia, the wife of Henry.

When the first compliments were passed:—“Perhaps you have forgot, my love,” said St. Leger, “that you and my old friend Francis are *relations*? ”

Francis stared. Henry then informed him that the lady, who now stood before him, was the daughter of Montauban, and his interesting Lady; (the amiable couple mentioned in the beginning of this work.)

This was the identical woman to whom the mother of Francis had once formed the idea of uniting her son. Francis well remembered, that such a scheme had been in agitation; and when he compared his own wife with the exalted character his friend had just given him of this amiable

and lovely creature, he felt a transient pang resembling the torments of envy. He soon had justice, however, to smother the emotion, and to set down *this* in the catalogue of numberless blessings he had sacrificed at the shrine of avarice.

Briarly (*who had, ever since the first fatal miscarriage of his daughter, looked on all rich or great people as the decided enemies of the poor*), at the mention of a lord's daughter, hemmed out two or three loud coughs, very expressive of the ideas he had imbibed; and gave a look at his grandchild, which seemed to say—“What d'ye think “of *that*, now? Could a lord's daughter “beat *that*? ”

But when he saw Cecilia taking every notice of his darling, encouraging her timidity with the most graceful attention, and delighted with every thing she said and did, he stared around him, began to feel his own insignificance, and to acknowledge

ledge the *superiority* of the person he was prepared to *dislike*.

Such is the triumph sense, good-breeding, and condescension will always obtain over hearts much more impenetrable than was that of Briarly!

By *condescension*, I do not mean the universal grin, and the ape-like grimaces, which some men of fashion put on to convince persons, *of ten times their understandings*, that they do them the favor of looking upon them as *fellow-creatures*! a compliment the man of sense and independence would *decline* rather than accept: I do not mean, I say, this meretricious, bastard affability, but the *genuine* ore.

Look at your *King*, ye glimmering rush-lights! There view the best and greatest man in his dominions setting you the bright example: condescending with *dignity*, making his inferiors *love* while they

respect him—a bold, exalted, manly model for all ranks!

The farmer listened to Cecilia till he began to have the highest opinion of her. She talked of *corn*, and what the poor had suffered. At the mention of *corn*, presuming on his knowledge in *that* article, Briarly chimed in with the conversation.

He found that Mrs. St. Leger knew more of rural affairs than any farmer's wife in Wales; and he now pronounced her, in his own mind, to be the most *clever woman* he had ever met with in the whole course of his life.

In this amiable society the mind of Francis began to resume its *tone*. He endured his evils with *patience*; and had it not been for the bitter remembrance of the poor girl he had lost, might have, perhaps, attained to a philosophic tranquillity, which would have most probably rendered him

more

more really happy than he had ever been in his days of vanity and ambition.

But here he could not

“ Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
“ Rase out the written troubles of the brain ;
“ Nor, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
“ Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
“ That weighs upon the *heart.*” SHAKESPEAR.

No friendly art, no one effort of kindness, on the part of St. Leger, was left untried to chase away these *sombre* clouds.

Francis had expressed a wish that he would relate the history of his fortunes since he had parted from him in anger at his father's house.

Henry at length complied with his request ; at first assuring him that what he had to deliver was, in some parts, so *romantic*, that he should be ashamed to disclose them to *any one* but the friends there assembled ; yet they knew him well, and

he flattered himself they entertained so firm an opinion of his integrity and veracity, that he should speak with boldness and with confidence.

My history, added he, may perhaps tend to beguile some of the tedious hours of our confinement, and prevent you from fixing your thoughts too steadfastly upon objects of a melancholy nature.

Several mornings were taken up with the recital of the story we are now about to relate.

Briarly and Louisa listened with attention and with interest. Francis often interrupted him with lamentations on his *own* misconduct, which had exposed his friend to a life of trial and trouble; but, as such interruptions would only *confuse* the mind of the reader, and break the thread of the story, we shall give the adventures of Henry St. Leger from a manuscript

nuscript in his own hand writing, put together from his former memorandums, for his amusement.

The writer, or rather the COLLECTOR, of the events recorded in this history, will find the method proposed more easy to *himself*, and hopes that it will prove equally palatable to the taste of his readers.

CHAPTER V.

The History of Henry St. Leger begins, which to some may appear very strange; but facts are stubborn things.

I WISH not to reproach you, my dear Francis, when I tell you that, when I left you last, I made a resolution of never more beholding your face.* I did not at that time *suspect* that the rich, the fortunate Dives, could *ever* possibly stand in need of the assistance of the forlorn and destitute Henry St. Leger!

I ever thought fortune fickle and precarious; beneath the solicitude of a rational man. I am now *convinced*, by daily experience, that the judgment I formed was a

* The commencement of this narrative is added to the MS. found in St. Leger's hand writing.

true one; and although the path I have chalked out for myself has not led me to *perfect* happiness, I am almost persuaded that it has conducted me to something as near it as human imperfection will admit of.

When I left you, I flew to my dear mother, to pay her a short and filial visit, in which I might convince her that the upright lessons of early integrity she had bestowed on my youthful mind had been deeply impressed on my heart.

She approved my conduct in every particular, and, as I cannot give her exact expressions, without tearing open the wounds of an afflicted and penitent friend, I can only say, the sentiments which flowed from her lips were such as might have been *foreseen* and *expected* from the exalted character of Amelia St. Leger.

Ill health had compelled her to retire from her school, and she now resided
in

in a small mansion on a common, several miles from the town, on a little stipend she had saved from her virtuous and industrious efforts.

With her I consented to sojourn for a few weeks, till chance should settle some mode of future exertion, as I resolved, for the time to come, to depend on my *own efforts* for any hopes of advancement in the world, and never more to demean the dignity of my character, by hanging, like the useless ivy, round the trunk of patronage.

I determined to rely on my *capacities alone*, as my protectors through what was left of a life already shamefully mispent on attending the kindness of the *rich* and the *great*.

While I remained with my mother, a letter reached her, signed Peter Hayward, declaring his former respect to both her late husband and father, and requesting her

her to give any intelligence concerning me she was mistress of, as he, and several other friends, had the warmest disposition in the world to advance my fortunes and promote my interests.

A certain fine writer has elegantly observed, that the shepherd of Virgil went in search of a patron, and found him a native of the *rocks*.

I therefore earnestly conjured my mother to evade the kind enquiries that were made after, and leave me to the indulgence of the turn my mind had taken.

I was resolved, in future, to owe an obligation to no *one* earthly being, and rather earn my daily bread at the plough, than live in expectation of favors without one claim from merit, or depend on *another* for that support which Providence has enabled every man to procure for *himself*.

My dear mother argued this point with me with all that energetic good sense for which she was so eminently conspicuous. She persuaded me, after many promises, threats, and tears, to take twenty guineas; and, with this supply, I tenderly embraced her, and gave her my sacred word, that if Heaven should favor the honest intentions of my heart, she should see me again at the first dawn of hope and fortune.

She asked me what I intended, and whether I was going? These questions I could not answer, as I was at that moment myself in ignorance of what was to become of me.

“ The world was all before me where to choose,
“ And Providence my guide.”

I resolved, if I prospered in my struggles for independence, to return and share my every shilling with her. Should poverty overtake me, said I, why should I twine like a noxious weed round my parent stem,
and

and bow the flower to the ground I was formed by nature to support! she has merely enough for herself. While she thinks I am in want, her generous heart will never be at rest, till, by little and little, she has stripped herself of all her comforts to support my idleness! Would it be manly in me to allow of this, while health runs in my veins, and youth braces my nerves? perish the selfish thought!

I resolved, then, that she should hear of me no more, till my industrious perseverance had reversed the scene, and enabled me to *confer*, instead of *receiving* favors.

I was now as well off as my valued and respected father had been before me: I could begin the world with a stock of spotless honor, of unquestionable integrity. Oh, dear mother! sadly sweet, gently soothing, is the sacred sorrow which pervades my heart, whenever I have occasion to name these exalted, these beloved, these much regretted parents!

The lessons conveyed to my early youth by *her* persuasive lips, have been my shield in adversity, my preservers in temptation, my consolations in poverty! If departed spirits of the just, the pious, and the good, are permitted, in a better world, to look down on the actions of those who once were dear to them here below, thy gentle shade has hovered over the head of thy son, spread thy protecting mantle in the hour of danger and temptation, and guarded him from *vice*, the only *real evil* of this world!

I left her *sad*, but *soothed*..

In London I had not been known to many; and, living chiefly in the house of Mr. Dives, I thought that, by changing my name, and residing in a different quarter of the town, I might escape detection, and live free from observation. I adopted the name of Marlow, took a small lodging, and resolved to make an essay of my literary talents in the capacity of an author.

I had often amused myself in making a version of Horace's Satires, and had translated two of the most beautiful of Ovid's Epistles : I mean those of Oenone to Paris, and Medea to Jason ; the first being, in my humble judgment, a most finished example of the *pathetic*, and the last a specimen of the true *sublime*.

With these materials I waited on a bookseller ; he looked at my epistles in the first place.

I acknowledged, upon my mended judgment, that I *now* think they were extremely bad ; but that is more than he could possibly have known at the time, for, without *looking* at them, he plainly told me they would never pay the price of paper.

I then told him that I had some satirical pieces.

His

His eye brightened up at this intelligence; but the name of Horace, in the title page, had the same effect upon him as physic upon a boy (*who has made illness a pretence for idleness*) at a school.

He shook his head, and told me these works would never produce salt to my meals; but that, if I would bring him a satire, highly peppered with *abuse* of certain great people, he might then perhaps have something to say to me.

I knew the characters he pointed out to be persons eminently great and *good*, and expressed my surprise that he should be ignorant of their worth and value.

He assured me this was by no means the case: he knew their merits as well any man alive.

“Good God! is it possible?”

“You

“ You are *young*, Sir ! When you have
“ been long enough an author to know
“ your trade, you will learn that *abuse* sells
“ much better than *eulogium* :—no man
“ pays his money to see a person *praised*.”

I was warm in the defence of the character I had adopted ; and, as I always esteemed a literary man as one of the most exalted and dignified beings in the scale of society, I felt my cheek burn with indignation at hearing the sacred functions of genius thus tarnished and reduced. I urged, that to lash general vices, to expose corruption, to tear the mask from the visage of pretended patriotism, and gibbet the sons of rapine and oppression, was indeed a calling worthy the thunder-brandishing hand of the gigantic genius of satire ; but that, to attack vice and virtue with undiscriminating *rancor*, to plant a thorn in the bosom of an honest man, to betray the confidence of families, and ruin the honest efforts of individuals, was to assume

assume a character which, like Nero's, ought to be hunted from the face of the earth while *living*, and held up to the execration of posterity when *no more*.

The bookseller gravely shook his head, said I was perfectly right, and that his own conscience often gave him many twinges when he published a work of the nature I had been describing. He observed, however, that while the world was ill-natured, and wicked enough to *encourage* this general rage for malice and detraction, a man in business had much difficulty in keeping his hands out of this disagreeable branch of his function.

I assured him, that I would much rather beg my daily bread from door to door, than put one morsel into my mouth which was earned by any means so infamous and dishonorable ; and that if I ever owed my existence to ways so base and unmanly, I should all the rest of my life look upon a

scavenger

scavenger as my superior, inasmuch as, though he meddled every day with *dirty* work, *his* filth was of prejudice to no one but *himself*.

The profession of a *bookseller* is one which demands the *respect* and *gratitude* of *society*, and when all is said and done, the arguments which my new friend had urged were certainly not without their weight. While scandal and detraction are encouraged by the world, it is the fault of the *world* that we have so many libels pouring upon us from all quarters.

He then asked me if I had any objection to translate.

I freely replied, that I was driven to the necessity of writing for bread, and that I had no inclination to shun any means of earning my meal by *any honest way*.

He then invited me to dine with him,

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K

and

and I met many men like myself, who had every morning “ to provide for the day “ which was to pass over their heads.”

I had a portion of work given me, in which I could neither evince my *fancy*, nor exert my *imagination*. Sometimes I passed a week in preparing sheets for a new edition of a *Dictionary*; sometimes in correcting a Frenchman’s bad English for a new *Grammar*; sometimes in forming an inelegant history into *questions and answers*. The worst of all drudges is a literary drudge. The pay I reaped from labors of this *mechanical* nature was small, nor could I of course expect it to be greater.

I kept life and soul together with difficulty; but, as I neither violated my *private* nor my *moral* character, I tugged at the oar, and was contented with my lot.

I sometimes, at my leisure hours, attempted to divert myself with essays of a
more

more lively species. I have preserved but ONE of them, and the natural vanity of an author induces me to insert it in this place.

I do not think the thoughts are brilliant, or the language remarkably impressive; the *idea* is however (*to the best of my knowledge*) *nouvelle*, and in more skilful hands might not have been *wholly unentertaining*.

A conversation had taken place at my friend the bookseller's (*who gave me and my brother authors a very acceptable dinner every Sunday*), concerning the vulgarisms and different dialects in London, and the *provincial* towns in England.

It rested on my mind, and when I went home, I formed a trifling *jeu d'esprit*. It was called

THE COMBATS OF THE ALPHABET:

Or, the Origin of Provincial Dialects.

A great many years ago, in those days

of learning which, alas! are fled, like solemn visions, never to return, at least if we may presume to judge from present appearances, a very violent warfare broke out among the LETTERS which compose the English alphabet. Many very ingenious and fabulous accounts are given of the origin of this quarrel, and, if we were not pinched for time and room, we should, in imitation of many of our *comical* brother historians, set our poor brains to work, and produce a number of marvellous tales which *every* body will allow to be very *pretty*, though *nobody* will allow that they are very *true*.

The grand foundation, then, of this contest, originated in the partiality of many celebrated authors and orators of the day to particular and favorite letters, in *expunging* some, and thrusting others in violently by the *head and shoulders*, without the least apparent symptom of *necessity* or *provocation*.

The

The injured letters thinking themselves a very respectable corps, rose, *vi et armis*, against this formidable attack on their credit and validity.

The war I am about to describe will have an evident advantage over many other recorded contests.

For instance, the war of Troy, the battles of the frogs and mice, and the combats of the cranes and the pygmies, may (be it spoken with all due reverence) be termed *poetical wars*: now, *my war is literal*, in every sense of the word.

In this contest, the ever renowned great A was the most formidable leader of one party, and the truly magnanimous great H was the most distinguished hero in the ranks of the enemy.

Both these warriors had suffered many hardships, having been most barbarously

hacked and mangled by the different *orators* of the day: besides this, they were spurred on by daily and violent encroachments on the rights of each other. Their several partisans were *equally* violent and vindictive; each side contemptuously rejecting or adding its favorite or neglected letter.

For instance, if the animal or building of their several names were to be mentioned, the enemy of H would talk of his *arse*, or his *ouse*, and so forth.

In some particular circumstances (as is pretty much the case among the leaders of all *parties* and *factions*) there were a set of men who did not scruple to *drop* a small portion of their *H---onesty*!

The admirers of H, equally vigilant on the other side, would always repair any loss or damage he sustained this way, by placing him *before* his antagonist without *rhyme* or *reason*—they were resolved to have

have their H-oxen, their H-altars, and their H-ornaments.

V and W stood exactly in the *same* predicament. They were subalterns in the two opposite factions, and, like two noisy little flies, were so fond of their finery, and so jealous of each other, that the whole army was pestered with their janglings.

V, partial to himself (*as those in the army who have the least pretensions are most apt to be*), was always asking W, V-y he V-as so foolish to compare with him, V-en he knew it V-as all in vain?

W had his reply ready, and would often answer that it was W-ery W-exatious, but that W-irtue *would* W-anquish: that V was a W-ile W-arlet, and as sour as W-inegar.

U, another inveterate enemy to great A, took every opportunity of stepping into

his place, and perpetually talking of his veng-*u*-nce and his defi *u*-nce.

E and R, a couple of turbulent letters, like pert swaggerers as they were, whenever they could thrust their noses in any place, never had the good manners to wait for an *invitation*, and *propriety* was very much shocked at the *improper-iety* of their conduct.

U, during the whole war, continued to make stolen marches on the united troops of A and I, because, he said, he was cert-*u*-n they were two vill-*u*-ns.

The modern orators (*anxious as they were, with the aid of all the authors, to put an end to these perplexing disputes*), instead of *appeasing*, added *fresh fuel* to the flames of discord; each letter insisting that he could produce an equal number of authorities in his favor, to those his antagonist boasted himself able to bring forward.

The

The *ladies* divided their favors so impartially *among them all*, one day adopting one side, and changing their minds the next, that most learned philosophers were inadequate to name the parties they either countenanced or rejected.

The more *fashionable*, the more were *both* sexes in *confusion*; but the *critics* increased that confusion into a “confusion “worse confound.”

Now, I should not describe my battle like a great scholar, if I did not *lug* in a number of *gods* and *goddesses*. It is the fashion to introduce these gentlefolks into the *epic* stile of writing, and it is of much use to us modern authors for two good reasons.

1st. It has been done so often, that it costs *little* labour and *no* invention. 2dly, and with *us* a very material point, it *fills up*.

Well, then, the gods and goddesses began wrangling and fighting like so many devils. *Envy*, *Malice*, and *Spleen*, were divided between *both* parties: *Wisdom* was for *neither*.

Jove, weary of this jar about nothing, called a council of all the wits and critics in heaven.

He flatly told the *wits* they were a pack of *fools*: they *murmured*; but *Truth*, touching them with her wand, confirmed the decree. He pronounced the same sentence against the critics, who immediately began to revenge themselves, by finding fault with his works, maintaining he knew *nothing* of what was the effect of his *own invention*, that light was darkness, and darkness light.

Jove enraged, told them they were as *pert* as jackdaws, as *vain* as peacocks, and as *stupid* as owls.

Truth

Truth cried, amen !

He then sentenced the rebellious critics to *tear each other* to pieces : they immediately fell eagerly to work, and have continued the practice to the present day.

As for the contending letters, they were sent into banishment to various *provinces*, where they have remained ever since, and established a wide extended empire of *provincial barbarism*.

CHAPTER VI.

The life of an author—Infidel writers—A singular institution—Real liberty—A worthy clergyman—A method proposed for future exertion—An introduction—A general—his son—daughter—A romantic young lady—Love busy in every part of a family—Folly of despising the good opinion of the world—Diffidence—A knot of perplexities—and sage observations.

THE specimen I have given will, most probably, remove all surprise at my ill success in the capacity of an author: for five painful years did I tug at this literary oar.

I struggled with want, frequently with distress, and often with hunger; but, thank God! though I never penned a line which could improve my fortune, or advance my fame, I never committed a single sentence which could possibly shock the purity

purity of any woman, or injure the feelings of any man. I never made a novel a vehicle for *obscenity*, nor a poem a stalking-horse for *abuse*.

I often wished to change my lot for scenes more diversified than the dull monotonous sphere of action to which I was condemned. Fate might, to this hour, have chained me down to my pen, had not an accident taken place which snatched me from obscurity, and hurried me down a torrent of action, whose rapidity will, I hope, in some measure, make up for the torpor which then composed the silent tenor of my life—a torpor more painful to me, who then felt its stagnating effects on the active energy of the human powers, than any description can possibly convey to the hearer or peruser of my life!

As I was one day standing conversing with my friend the bookseller, in his shop, an old clergyman came in with a manuscript

script sermon he wished to have printed. He eyed me with attention and with interest, whispered the bookseller, smiled, and departed.

My friend told me he was a man much beloved in his parish, which was one of the best about London: that he was chaplain to the benevolent Lord H—, who had distinguished his merits and his virtues, when misfortune had placed him very low in the world.

He was a firm and steady enemy to the infidel writers, who had lately been so studious to tear the cordial cup of hope from the hands of the poor and the afflicted, and, by arraigning the truths of religion, increase their miseries in *this* world, without allowing them the alleviating consolation of a pious confidence in a *better*.

Many of these shallow philosophers had lately been stalking abroad, diffusing darkness

ness and scepticism, trying to shake the faith of nations, and convulse the peace of kingdoms.

Many real philosophers had started up, and virtuous Watson at their head, had held the shining shield of truth so close to the eyes of the pretended illuminés, that the owls of false science retired, overpowered with the blaze.

To counteract their fatal pamphlets, which, though brushed away like flimsy cobwebs by the hand of *genuine* philosophy, were specious and seductive to the uninformed multitude, there were many who, with the true spirit of philanthropy, published antidotes against the poison of infidelity, and had them distributed at their own expence among the poor and uninformed:—a practice to which a great people is, perhaps, at this very moment, indebted for its welfare.

Among

Among these genuine sons of real learning was the reverend man who had just quitted the shop

The bookseller told me he made many enquiries about *me*, and begged the favor of my company to breakfast with him the next morning. I of course was proud to have an opportunity of paying my respects to so great and good a character, and enquired the name of the person who did me so much honor. It was Hawthornden—a man who was once a poor curate near the farm where my father resided, and had poured the first dawnings of instruction upon my infant mind. I thought I could form some faint traces of the worthy tutor of my youth, and I longed to congratulate him on the success of his talents and his virtues.

I waited on him, at his apartments, the next morning: they were simple, but elegant, and told me that the owner had attained

tained competency, not riches. He received me with the cordial welcome of good sense, joined to good breeding: told me he recognised me in the bookseller's shop; but, hearing him address me by the name of Marlow, did not then chuse to make himself known to me. He paid a very elegant compliment to my father and mother, and finished by declaring, that he could not suspect the son of such parents of doing any thing unworthy their respectable name, and doubted not but that my reasons for changing it were good and proper ones.

I laid these reasons before him, and was happy enough to receive the sanction of his approval.

He then gave me a brief account of his history, which may be told in a very few words. After he had been dislodged by the worthless Mr. Pheezer, he came to London, and did duty for any one who would employ him. He was fortunate enough to preach

before

before the chaplain of the elegant Lord and Lady H—, who, pleased with the simplicity of his style and composition, and standing in need of a curate, gave him the situation. On the death of this worthy man, Lord and Lady H—, consulting the real happiness of their parishioners more than any temporal consideration, gave the vacant living to the curate.

He had pleased them by his assiduous attention to an institution formed by Lord and Lady H—, which, for its singularity and utility, deserves to be mentioned.

Instead of the usual method of alms-giving, which sometimes only confirms idleness and promotes drunkenness, Lord and Lady H— appropriated an annual sum to be given to the best and most industrious wife, son, husband, father, and daughter, in their parish, and this truly honorable distinction was to be bestowed by the judgment of the clergyman.

The

The zeal of Hawthornden, in this wise and generous institution, had met with its proper reward. While English nobility is thus employed in the encouragement of virtuous poverty, the people would be as *foolish*, as they would be *ungrateful*, if they wished for that chimerical *equality* which has ruined both the honor and prosperity of a neighboring kingdom!

The situation of Hawthornden was comfortable. Though not rich, he was respected by the rich ; although not great, the great valued him ; the poor loved him ; *all ranks esteemed him.*

He seemed eager to do something in my behalf, and told me, he thought he had it in his power to point out a path for me, in my literary capacity, more pleasing than the dull drudgery in which I was at present immersed. I thanked him, and promised to wait on him the next day.

He met me with the smile of benevolence at this interview, and told me had succeeded to the utmost of his wishes.

General Grandford had a son, who was shortly to join his regiment. The general had a commission to bestow on any man, like myself, a superior to his boy in point of age, and endowed with my qualifications for a guide, a friend, and an instructor. The young gentleman was of an amiable disposition, and he doubted not but that the situation would be of equal advantage to both.

The idea of a *patron* immediately recurred to my mind, and I told Hawthornden that a life of independent poverty would be to me a state of luxury, compared with any thing like subserviency or subjection.

He convinced me, that the impetuosity of my disposition was here likely to lead me

me into a very great error: that I was not to be the *servant*, but the *instructor* of young Grandford: that I was not to be provided for by the father as an object of *charity*, but as a person who was about to render him the greatest favor that one man could bestow upon another: that, in *all* respects, I was to be looked upon as the *equal* of Frederic Grandford; and in *some* was to be considered as his *superior*: that the assistance it was in my power to *render* must be more than any I could ever *receive*. These arguments had their weight.

The life of a soldier was what I always desired: in the present situation of affairs, the sword appeared a more honorable em- ployment than the pen. I yielded to the pressing solicitations of Hawthornden, and was by him conducted to the house of General Grandford.

The General received me with a polish- ed, manly politeness, which dispelled my doubts,

doubts, and confirmed my confidence. From what Hawthornden had said of my own character, he was prepared, he said, to receive me. His father, too, had known my grandfather ; had revered his virtues, and lamented his fate.

The younger brother of a noble family, the General himself had inherited no portion but his sword and his abilities : nature and education, therefore, had made him above the selfish considerations which actuate the majority of mankind. He honored the force of genius, and revered the sublimity of talent. I felt that we met on *fair ground* ; my mind was free as air ; I was unshackled by ideas of dependence. This man is a *friend*, said I to myself : he is more than a *patron*.

He rung the bell, and enquired if his son was at home. Being answered in the affirmative, he desired the man to inform his master that he wished to see him.

Frederic

Frederic Grandford made his appearance: he seemed a few years younger than myself. His air was military, his step commanding, and his eye impregnate with fire and passion.

The father introduced me, and told him I was the person Mr. Hawthornden had done him the favor of introducing to his family. "Mr. Marlow," said he, "has had the goodness to promise to undertake the care of you; and, as you value my future-favor, I command you to love and respect him."

The young man, in an eager tone, then told me, he felt such an injunction unnecessary, as his heart already spoke before his father had pronounced his will.

At the earnest request of the General, I promised to come to him the next day, when, he said, an apartment should be prepared for me.

I quitted

I quitted the house with the venerable Hawthornden, and expressed my thanks for the *liberal* introduction he had given me.

He then told me, I should most probably reside a year or two in the family of the General, before myself and Frederic started on the plains of military glory. I promised to execute my part of the *generous compact* he had made for me with steady zeal, and unshaken fidelity

I felt that the care of a young man, of Grandford's age, was a serious undertaking. He appeared, however, of an open, manly nature. I resolved to make his *real good* my study, and, with such motives for my guide, I thought I could not fail of conducting him to the broad paths of rectitude and integrity.

I thanked my worthy friend, the bookseller, for all his past acts of kindness to
me:

me: actions of friendship which had often stood much in stead, but at the same time frankly owned, I hailed my release from the drudgery of writing and book-making as the dawn of returning freedom.

A slave of every description is to be pitied, but none more so than the slave to writing for his *bread*.

I was received into the family of the General with quite as much attention and respect as if I had been the brother of Frederic; a name by which he desired the young man, and his sister Augusta, to call me.

Augusta Grandford, a name dear, regretted, and respected, was then about sixteen.

Her person was as romantic as her mind: she was tall, but yet delicate; commanding, but still feminine. Her eye beamed with sense, with sentiment, and with sensibility.

sibility. Had she lived in the days of chivalry, she would have been the companion of some generous knight, whose toils she would have participated, whose dangers she would have shared. She took so much true delight in this seductive species of reading, that her mind, thoughts, and actions, were biassed by her favorite studies, and her imagination sometimes wandered in a fatal delirium, which all her (otherwise) good sense could not repress.

With her I first saw my dearest Cecilia. The distresses of her family had reached the ear of the generous Augusta, and when the death of their parents had left her and her brother destitute, she not only took Cecilia under the protection of her father's roof, but made interest with the General to have the young man, then about my own age, provided for in the army.

To see Augusta, and not to feel *interested* for her, would have been difficult.

I can-

I candidly own, that my dearest Cecilia did not inspire me with what is called *love at first sight*. Time made it necessary for me to discover those virtues by slow degrees, which, once *known*, no *time* can ever eradicate or efface from my mind.

I found young Frederic almost every thing that I could wish. We read together, and he soon knew (very easily possible) as much as *myself*.

The father expressed himself pleased, and grateful for the pains I was taking.

After five years of penury and mortification, I now passed twelve happy months in all the luxuries of learned leisure and *manly independence*. The two young ladies added to the interest and elegance of the scene. I have said that at first *love* was never concerned in my sentiments of either; but the liberality of my dear Cecilia has always forgiven me, when I have avowed

the more bold and prominent features in the character of Augusta first attracted my *attention*.

Her love and enthusiasm towards the books of romance, and the records of chivalry, had given her mind a cast, which made her an object of immediate notice. Whoever has read the life of Don Quixotte, may have felt a momentary pang amid the pleasure he was receiving, for the mournful wreck of a splendid mind. Whoever knew Augusta Grandford, must have felt a more real sorrow: generous and exalted ideas had crowded her mind, till reason almost yielded to the vigorous impressions of imagination. She was open as day, and never concealed *one* thought.

Young Montauban sometimes called on his sister Cecilia, and warm with gratitude to his generous patroness, he thought her the first of human beings.

In the mind of Augusta there was a sentiment which always tended to her own infelicity. There are certain virtues, like certain vices, which ought to be *restrained*. A carelessness of the good opinion of the world may be reckoned among these.

Augusta knew her own heart was *right*, and yet would often so act, as to make the friends of her father as much shocked at her behavior, as if every principle of her actions had been *wrong*. She despised *public prejudice* as she called it ; and, in this romantic idea, she resolved to do as she *pleased*, and to act unbiassed by the sentiments of *general opinion*.

This is an error which has proved fatal to many women really amiable and engaging.

It is not only necessary to *be* correct, but to *seem* so. I am now, and have been many years a married man. I consider

my honor concerned in the manner my wife conducts herself in the company she keeps. A woman may have the virtues of Lucretia or Cornelia; yet, if she is careless of herself, and acts as if she knew no discrimination between *right* and *wrong*, such a woman must not, cannot, be the intimate of my family. Virtue must be as decided in its *actions* as its *principles*. She who is unblemished, must shew it by her *conduct*: appearances may be *secondary* considerations, but they are *necessary* ones. She who slighted them, may keep the *private* consolations of her own heart; but she must not be angry with the world, who, judging from external circumstances, cannot think the *foundation* stedfast, where the *exteriors* are unstable.

On this rock Augusta split. I know myself right (*she would say to Cecilia, when her graver friend, in the sincerity of her heart, wished to warn her of the dangers by which she was encompassed*), and let the world think

think of me as they *will*. The world *did* take the liberty of noticing her behavior, and, as good nature is seldom the reigning foible of the day, many strange constructions were put upon her conduct.

Cecilia was uneasy at the repeated visits of her brother. She saw that the familiar and undisguised benevolence of Augusta had put notions into his mind, which might, in future, be fatal to his quiet and his honor.

She saw nothing like passion in the partiality of Augusta to Lieutenant Montauban. She perceived that her generous soul had been delighted by the power of rendering him a service; but at the same time felt conscious, that she would be *equally* pleased in the opportunity of contributing to the felicity of any living being. Her brother in the fire of youth, and blinded by a sincere attachment, saw the matter with different eyes. He wished Augusta

to love him, and he readily persuaded himself to fancy that she did so.

Cecilia was very much shocked at this mutual mistake. She felt for her brother's happiness ; but she felt in an equal degree for the honor of her friend and benefactress. She thought that scandal, and busy curiosity (*which began to be prevalent among the female friends of the Grandford family, in consequence of the visits of the Lieutenant*), would be a very ungrateful way of returning the generous favors which had been heaped, both on herself and her brother, by the bountiful hand of the liberal Augusta.

She told her brother her opinions ; but what are the cold lessons of prudence to an impassioned young man ?

She frankly hinted to her lovely patroness, that it might injure her with the world, and create suspicion in the mind of

some

some man in future honored with her affections, should she thus let an imprudent generosity of temper allow her to sanction the visits of a young man situated as her brother then was.

I thank my dear Cecilia for her counsel, was the reply; but, “while I know *myself* right, the *world* is very welcome to “think me in the *wrong*.”

With this extraordinary, yet amiable young woman, I passed several hours in the day. We read history together: Cecilia and her brother were generally present.

I had not much vanity; yet, from an expression which sometimes stole from the speaking eyes of Augusta, I could not help thinking that I was by no means indifferent to her.

This discovery gave me no pleasure: on

the contrary, it inspired me with the utmost uneasiness and disquietude.

To be introduced to a family on the most generous, the most liberal terms; to reward that generosity by artifice; to repay that liberality by deceit; to *steal* the gem when the key of the casket was put into my possession, seemed the height of baseness.

I have been often surprised that, in a country where the penal laws are vigorous to an extreme, a capital punishment has not been adjudged to this most infamous breach of trust.*

* The author feels very well satisfied, that the general tenor of this work will convince every one that he means no insidious attack upon the laws of his country by this remark: he has endeavored to shew that he considers them superior to those of any other nation in the world. On this subject, his opinion is founded on that of a great lawyer and a great writer.—Vide JUDGE BLACKSTONE.

Many

Many a fellow has been brought to the gallows for stealing an old watch, or an old piece of plate, merely (*it has often been the case*) because it belongs to a family. Ought not a man's daughter to be held inviolable for the same reason?

If I steal an *heiress* I am liable to be hanged ; and is not the daughter of a poor man as sacred to her own parents, as an heiress ever could have been to hers ?

A theft of this nature is in any shape equally inexcusable ; and the robber deserves to be hanged, much more than many a wretch who has suffered that fate for crimes which have been urged on by hunger and distress. Such, thank Heaven ! were MY notions ; and such, I am persuaded, must be the sentiments of every honest man. Of all the mean methods of making money, fortune-hunting is the worst.

Young Montauban perceived that I was

the favorite object of Augusta's attention, and the painful thought hurried him to madness.

My young charge, Frederic, in the mean time, had fallen most passionately in love with Cecilia. I found myself surrounded, on every side, by a labyrinth of perplexities from which it was difficult to escape. I stood high in the opinion of the General: to attempt a deception on him, I considered as an act of the most monstrous and detestable ingratitude. The son had entrusted me with his passion, under restrictions I knew not how to violate. The daughter *said* nothing, it is true; but her eye spoke in a language which, with all my timidity, it was impossible to *misunderstand*. The idea of practising on the affections of the daughter of the generous General was so shocking to my nature, that, had I known how to have done it, I would have immediately mentioned my fears, and given the father the alarm; but the

the manners of *Augusta*, from her contempt of the opinions of the world, had always been so free, that I dreaded lest I should have mistaken a candor of character, displayed to others perhaps as well as myself, for the dictates of love and *passion*. The fear of making myself ridiculous kept me silent.

A woman, careless of the opinions of the world, often exposes *herself*, and all who are connected with her, to a thousand disagreeable mistakes and perplexities.

She may be thought in love with a man for whom she does not care a straw: she may give hopes to those who, but for her indiscriminate kindness, might have smothered passion in its birth: she may be accused of *falsehood* she never practised, condemned for *encouragements* she never meant to give, and, with the best intentions in the world, be hated as a *jilt*, and condemned as an *hypocrite*.

CHAPTER VII.

An honorable elopement—the cause explained—A mandate—A compliment—Family secrets—A soldier's wife—her story—her gratitude—An examination of a heart—A generous proffer—Reasons for not taking an advantage of a young lady's confidence—An agitated family—A trial—Dark hints—Sly inuendos—how answered—An accuser confounded—The feelings and expressions of an injured man.

IMPRESSIONED with these sentiments of diffidence and delicacy, I wished that every day which intervened between that of my joining my regiment with Frederic was the last.

Above a year had glided away in calm pleasure, and now the ocean was ruffled. I saw that young Grandford was wearing inwardly with an unrequited passion for Cecilia. He had divulged his flame, but found

found her cold : she conjured him to talk to her of love no more : she had been received into the house of the father by the generous friendship of the sister. To inveigle the heir of so inestimable a family into a match with an orphan like herself, would, she thought, be ungrateful, ungenerous, and unjust.

She knew that such a connection must heap sorrow on the head of the father, and that even her husband, who must imagine that money had tempted her to the violation of *one* duty, might, in future, justly suspect that all the *rest* were subservient to her interest. She knew that, in destroying her self-esteem, she must give up a treasure which no splendor could recompence, no *wealth* could purchase. Frederic admired her the more for this conduct, and secret sorrow consumed his heart.

The brother of Cecilia, unmoved by the noble precepts and example of his sister,
gave

gave way to the vehemence of his soul, and still aspired to the hand of his own and his sister's patroness.

I must do him the justice to aver, on my word of honor, that I do not think the fortune of Augusta, which was considerable, had the least weight in the mind of young Montauban.

In this knot of perplexities I was not without my share.

I beheld Augusta daily growing more particular in her attentions to me. She consulted me on every subject ; she seemed eager for my opinion upon every incident in her life. I did all in my power to avoid a confidence so awkward to my feelings ; but, undaunted by my coldness, she pressed forwards with invincible perseverance, and silence was impracticable.

Young Montauban, irritated by delays, and

and unable to enlist his sister under his banners, determined to write a letter to Augusta declaratory of his love, and beseeching her to have compassion on the flame which secretly consumed him.

Cecilia, shocked at a proceeding which appeared to carry the air of so much selfishness in its principles, threw herself upon her knees before him, and conjured him, by all their former affection, to give up a design which, whether prosperous or unsuccessful in its issue, must overwhelm them both with shame and confusion. The young man told her he was steadfastly fixed to write the letter the next morning.

Cecilia dried her eyes. The epistle arrived; Augusta read it with signs of complacency and emotion. She immediately enquired for Cecilia: a servant appeared, who brought intelligence that Miss Montauban had rose early in the morning, had been employed two hours in packing, and had

had called for a coach: when it came to the door, she ordered her bundles to be put in. She then gave a letter and a packet to be delivered to Miss Grandford; and, with many tears, bid the coachman drive towards the Park. The surprised Augusta broke open the seal, and read the ensuing

LETTER.

“ Adieu, my ever beloved, ever dear
“ Augusta. I fly you, because I could
“ never bear to have you think me selfish
“ or ungrateful; and I am sure you must
“ think me *both*, when you receive the pro-
“ posal my brother is determined to make
“ you. I have wept; I have pleaded in
“ vain: I know no other way to shew my
“ shame and confusion at his conduct,
“ but by flying from the hospitable roof
“ of your father. I have another reason,
“ too, for this step: your brother, my
“ dear Augusta, has made me proposals of
“ an honorable nature. How unfortunate
“ that

“ that a young man and woman, preserved
“ by the exalted humanity of your family
“ from beggary and poverty, should be
“ the means of giving so much uneasiness
“ to their benefactors ! For the good of
“ every one ; for my *own*, for yours, your
“ father’s and your brother’s, I *must* with-
“ draw. *Fear* not for me, I have an
“ asylum. Adieu, my dear Augusta, I
“ have made a sacrifice to honor, and I am
“ now sure you will always love your

“ CECILIA.”

“ Noble girl !” cried Augusta.

“ Noble girl !” said *my* heart, “ she has
“ sacrificed *fortune* to *integrity* ; and may
“ she, wherever she goes, meet the re-
“ munerating blessings of a satisfied con-
“ science.”

This letter was delivered before breakfast. The General and his son were dressing. When they came down, the son looked

looked at the spot where Cecilia had been used to sit with glances of eagerness and anxiety : he watched the opening and shutting of the door with visible signs of perturbation and emotion.

When the gentlemen retired, I would have accompanied young Grandford to the reading-room ; but his sister, who never spoke by hints or whispers, desired me to stay, as she had something to say to me of a very peculiar nature.

She delivered this mandate in a tone of voice so firm and impressive, that it was impossible to refuse obedience, and I remained where I was.

The father and brother were so much accustomed to this singular freedom in her manner, that they took no notice of this appeal, but left us to ourselves. I saw that many various passions were struggling in the mind of Augusta : her cheek glowed,

ed, her bosom heaved, she seemed convulsed by contending passions; at length, as if by some violent effort, she gained the power of utterance.

“ I know the generosity of your mind,
“ Mr. St. Leger,” said she: “ I admire it,
“ and must now put it still farther to the
“ test. I am sure the generous frankness
“ of a woman, who confides in it, will
“ never meet with an ill return from a
“ heart which I believe stored with every
“ virtue.”

I could only blush and bow.

“ Henry St. Leger shall know every secret spring of my mind. I will not enjoin you to confidence, because the mere suspicion would be unfounded, unjust, and injurious: but, before I say any thing with regard to myself, it is quite necessary that I should explain every circumstance relating to the young man
“ who

“ who this morning made me a very serious proposal. I have to lament his rashness, as it has robbed me of a friend in his sister, of the most refined sense, and (as you must be convinced, from the letter I read to you before breakfast) of the most exquisite and exalted sensibility.

“ To recover this partner of my heart, and again pillow her head on the bosom of friendship, must be my first study: when my *own mind* shall be at that state of peace, to which it has now for some months past been an utter stranger—“ Oh, Henry!—but whither am I wandering?

“ My father, as you have heard from our common friend, Mr. Hawthornden, had many difficulties to struggle with on his first outset in life. The parents of Montauban and Cecilia were, like him, noble and poor; but, like him, success “ did

“ did not crown their efforts—they died,
“ and left their two children destitute on
“ the wide world. The wife of a poor
“ soldier snatched up these orphans of
“ Providence; and, by her hard labor, main-
“ tained them, and prevented their coming
“ upon the parish. The name of this be-
“ nevolent woman was Jane Wildfire: she
“ is still alive, and subsists on a small pen-
“ sion allowed her by my father.

“ The husband of Cecilia’s mother had,
“ at one time, been a fellow-soldier of my
“ father’s. He was captain of the com-
“ pany to which Wildfire belonged.

“ The man was an excellent soldier, but
“ too much addicted to the fatal error of
“ drinking. In his cups he insulted his
“ commander, and was sentenced to re-
“ ceive two hundred lashes. The wife, who
“ followed in the baggage-waggon, and
“ shared all his fortunes, cast herself at the
“ feet of Montauban, and implored his in-
“ tercession:

“ tercession : he interfered, and succeeded :
“ her gratitude knew no bounds.

“ In the time of the American war this
“ woman saved my father’s life, and he
“ settled the annual allowance she *still* re-
“ ceives upon her. On this stipend she
“ snatched away the two orphans, and
“ maintained them for several weeks as
“ well as she was able.

“ This affecting incident reached the ears
“ of the General.

“ Touched with the gratitude of this
“ poor creature, and ashamed to reflect
“ that the children of a man of rank, a
“ gentleman, and a soldier, should owe
“ their existence to the laborious piety of
“ the wife of a poor private, he desired her
“ to bring the children to him. Charmed
“ with the beauty of the little ones, he
“ brought them to me. I was delighted
“ with my two play-fellows, and entreated
“ my

“ my father to let them *remain* with me ;
“ a request he readily complied with, and I
“ have always regarded them as equal ob-
“ jects of my favor and affection with my
“ own brother.

“ It was resolved that the young man
“ should drop that memory of his ances-
“ tors which, without a fortune to support
“ it, would only be the means of encum-
“ bering and distressing him. He was
“ brought up a soldier, and if ever fate
“ should crown him with wealth, he may
“ *resume* the honors of his family.”

Augusta continued to state, that Cecilia had been bred as her sister ; that her generous independence of mind had more than made amends for all the favors that had been conferred upon her by the Grandford family.

Augusta owned that she had often shielded her from the malice of the world

by her advice and counsels, which she had ever delivered without servility and without insolence.

She had refused many offers from persons of rank and riches, who had frequented her father's house, and been struck with her accomplishments, considering marriage for *interest* as little better than a legal fraud. Miss Grandford summed up her character by a declaration, that if she was called upon to pronounce whom she thought the woman in the world who did most honor to her sex, she should not hesitate a moment in naming Cecilia Montauban.

This amiable friend (she said) had often censured her for a sentiment of indifference she had early imbibed, and never made any scruple of professing a *carelessness of the opinion of the world*.

That, knowing she meant no *harm*, she had

had always been perfectly easy as to what was *said* or *thought* of her ; had dressed as she liked ; been intimate with such young men as either amused her by their accomplishments, or informed her by their conversation. She knew she had been often censured ; but had ever despised the censure she felt conscious she did not *merit*. This error, she said, had, she feared, *misled* young Montauban. She had certainly shewn him much *attention*, but meant no more, by any preference given to him, than by a mark of tenderness bestowed on a *brother*. She confessed that, in some other instances, she had, by her *frank manner*, been the means of misleading two very worthy characters, and making them, she feared, extremely unhappy. She was sorry for this, she said, and had, she believed, been blamed by the world ; but what was the *world* to her ? She felt conscious of her *own* innocence, and had no right to make a sacrifice of her happiness to the *prejudice* of mankind.

“ I have taken up thus much of your time, Mr. St. Leger,” said she, “ that you might know the simple, undisguised, and unsophisticated character of the woman who is now addressing you. I wish you to see my whole *soul*: I would not conceal an error even of my *thoughts*. I have been as candid as I possibly could be, and I hope I have not attempted to hide or cloak one single imperfection of my nature. The letter I have received this morning has made it necessary for me to be explicit to every one. This day is to bring my fate to a *crisis*, and the decision rests with you. By the bounty of my godmother I am left sole mistress of twelve hundred a year; on my death it reverts to her family, in case I die unmarried: they are rich enough, and I shall do them no injustice by bestowing my heart and hand wherever I think fit. I avow to you, Mr. St. Leger, that you are the only man I ever saw, in the course of my whole life, who could have

“ made

“ made me wish to resign that happy liberty I have so many years enjoyed. I always imagined that a woman, on the day of her nuptials, gave up her chartered liberty to a being, in the intellectual scale, no higher than herself: *you alone* have had power to convince me to the contrary. I know your disinterested mind; and know too that, acting from the energies of that mind, if you felt the warmest friendship and attachment to a woman of *fortune*, that fortune would be a bar to her happiness, as you shrink from *selfishness*, as you shrink from *dis-honor*; but you must not expect to be the *only generous* person in the world: this hand, this fortune, is at your *disposal*. I beg you will not distress me by an *immediate* answer, but take a week's consideration before you give me your *reply*. I am going out of town for a few days: think, reflect, and however you *decide*, my opinion of you must continue *eternally* the same.

“ I must assure you, that you are the
“ only person whose sentiments I ever yet
“ valued. You may think I have violently
“ overleaped the delicacy of my sex in
“ making these strong overtures ; yet you
“ would find, could you read my heart,
“ that its sentiments are like your own,
“ generous, candid, and sincere.*

“ I have frankly told you that, in the
“ common intercourse with the world, I
“ have preferred the sanctity of *truth* to

* The compliments St. Leger pays himself in this narrative, may, on the first blush, give some symptoms of the vanity and conceit of a young man. Let it be remembered, however, that his story was drawn out at an advanced period of life, when vanity and conceit were past. It was done for his own amusement; nor did he ever mean it for the public eye. In the story told to his fellow-prisoner and old school-fellow, Francis Dives, many of these tender particulars were left out; but the papers of St. Leger, falling accidentally into my hands, I thought they would be more explanatory, than any intelligence which could be gained by *oral* communication.

“ every

“ every other earthly consideration. How,
“ then, must I despise myself, should I not
“ practise the *same* undisguised integrity
“ with the man to whom I would be in-
“ debted for a life of unbounded *confidence*:
“ from whom I would have no *secrets*:
“ whose heart, whose thoughts, whose
“ joys, hopes, griefs, disappointments and
“ fears, I would have in perfect *unison* with
“ *my own.*”

I looked at Augusta as she left me. She was in tears; but the rays of animation, which beamed through the moisture in her eyes, gave her an appearance almost supernatural.

I was thunderstruck with what had passed. “ Great Heaven!” cried I, “ what a composition of error and rectitude! She scorns the good opinion of the world, and has made herself the object of public *censure*, with exalted talents, and splendid virtues, sufficient in number to make

“ her the theme of general reverence and
“ admiration !”

The task imposed on me was painful ; but, as I shall answer for my conduct at the day of judgment, I was not a moment balancing the scales !

Cecilia had set me an example I hope I did not need. I felt I had not that affection for Augusta which she had for me. She was generous ; ought I to be otherwise ? Could mines of wealth repay a man for being a thief in a double sense of the word ? Was I to repay the goodness of the General by meanly stealing his daughter ? Was I to reward that daughter’s generosity, by presenting her, instead of the warm generous heart she expected, with one mean, callous, selfish, and unworthy ? Who can perpetrate such double injustice, and calmly lay his head upon his pillow ?

Augusta left town, and I determined to address

address my letter to her in a day after her departure.

I flattered myself I had acted so rigidly in the exertion of my duties, that heaven and man would approve my conduct—let the *former* satisfy every one—the sentiments of the *latter* are frequently erroneous, and *always immaterial, comparatively placed against evident dishonor.*

A hurricane blew in a few hours on all sides, and I was involved in a quarrel with three men towards whom I had acted in a manner which set my own heart perfectly at rest.

The daughter of the General had acquainted her father with what had passed before she left town, and, on her knees, had implored him not to oppose her wishes.

He had stifled his sensations before her; but no sooner had she taken her departure

than he acquainted the son with her confession, and the smothered flame broke out.

The passions of the boy, too, were aggravated, by a circumstance which did not reach my ears till some time afterwards.

The maid, who attended Cecilia, had acquainted him that his suit had not been rejected from any extraordinary sense of *honor* in the mind of that lady, but from a preference she entertained for ME. To convince him, she produced a picture which she had found by touching a concealed spring in the bureau of Cecilia's dressing-room.

My head was correctly delineated on a large sheet of paper. Frederic immediately imagined me guilty of the greatest perfidy and ingratitude: he caught the alarm, and supposed I had been capable of seducing and concealing Cecilia, while I was at the same

same time basely insinuating myself into the good graces of his sister.

Frederic conveyed this intelligence to young Montauban, who, distracted at the preference given me by Augusta, and not knowing what to make of the sudden flight of Cecilia, was equally divided between love, revenge, and jealousy.

Even the worthy General, though a man of philosophical temper and sedate mind, was so shocked at these strong presumptions in my disfavor, that his irritated sensibility led him to a promptitude of decision against me, which he had hitherto always constantly *blamed* and assiduously avoided.

I observed the cold looks of all the parties, and was at first a little disconcerted when I met them at dinner, and saw them whispering, looking at me, and shaking their heads. The “*murus abeneus*,” the

“ *mens sibi conscientia recti*,” came, however, to my aid, and I determined to persevere in my usual independence and ease in conversation, till some charge should give me an opportunity of proving my innocence beyond all doubt. When the glasses were put on the table, the General brought up the subject.

“ Any news of your sister, Montauban?”

All eyes were turned on me.

“ None.”

“ Very extraordinary!”

Another look from every one.

“ It is indeed,” said I; “ but wherever she is, she is so good that she must be safe: Providence can never forsake her.”

“ I hope she is *good*”—slowly, said the brother.

Another look.

“Very extraordinary,” thought I to myself.

The General then told a story of a young man who had been received into a family, treated like a friend, a son, and a brother: —“And *how* do you think, gentlemen, he *returned* all these favors?” said old Grand-ford, at the *end* of his speech.

They gave their opinions.

“*You* are silent, Mr. St. Leger,” continued the General. “How do *you* think ‘he *ought* to have behaved?’”

“Not,” replied I, “with a slavish sub-mission to an unjust suspicion. If he was received on the manly terms of giving instruction, and being paid the value of his *talents*, he ought to have spoken and acted with the *confidence* of a gentleman, and the integrity of a man.”

“ Suppose,” cried the brother of Cecilia, “ he practised on the generous confidence “ of a young —”

“ Forbear,” cried I, sternly; “ let no “ man provoke me to prove the action the “ General insinuates, possible.”

I looked young *Montauban* full in the face—he blushed—my eye oppressed him—he seemed conscious that, in attacking my fault, he had been guilty of a *self-condemnation*. He knew not, *then*, that I was acquainted with the letters that had been so recently exchanged.

The General looked astonished.

Frederic *alone*, eaten up by anger and revenge, started up and made a plain charge against me.

When he had finished his indictment, old Grandford said not a word; but his mournful

mournful and expressive look seemed, in dumb eloquence, to put the question—
“ Guilty or not guilty?”

I started from my chair.

“ I once resolved,” cried I, “ never more
“ to have a patron, and I have reason to
“ curse the hour I broke that resolution.
“ Who are *they* who dare arraign an honest
“ man like a criminal? Let the suspicious
“ speak out! I will not degrade myself be-
“ low my accusers, by *answering* to dark
“ hints and unmanly cross questions. I
“ have given *more* than I have *received*.
“ I can *return* to that situation where Mr.
“ Hawthornden first found me, where
“ *any man* may find me who doubts my
“ honor.”

“ Stay!” said the General.

“ I will *perish* first; nor will I ever call
“ *any man* present *again* by the name of
“ friend

“ friend, till he has repaired the injury he
“ has done me by the most *submissive* apo-
“ logy.”

I looked round fiercely, and darted out
of the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

A resolve—A hint upon duels—Self-defence the law of nature—A card—A call—A meeting—An explanation—A generous way of effacing an injury—Fortitude of a young lady—Love epistle—A father's liberal offer—why rejected—Love not to be supplied by politeness—On marriage—A second offer made—refused—Why at last accepted—A visit to a mother.

IN the agonies of my heart I flew to the worthy Hawthornden, told him all that had happened, thanked him for the interest he had taken in my affairs, but swore that worlds should not bribe me to remain longer under the roof of a man who had suspected my *honesty* and wounded my *honor*.

He

He did all he could to pacify me, but every effort he could exert was vain : my pride had taken the alarm, and to soothe it was impossible. I expected the next morning to hear from one of the young gentlemen : duels had always been the objects of my abhorrence.

These irrational appeals to blood and chance I ever looked upon as decisions more adapted to the brutality of *animals* than to the reason of *men*.

In the present instance, however, honor and infamy were trembling in the scales. I never wished to be forward in the display of my courage ; but life appeared a *burthen* if I was to support it under the stigma of *cowardice*. Safe in the reflections of an approving conscience, it was by no means requisite to my peace to seek the life of any man ; but *self-defence* being a law written by the hand of *nature* upon the heart of every

every living creature, while I was resolved not to *seek*, my mind was at the same time made up not to *shun*, any kind of trial to which my adversaries might think proper to expose me.

Hawthornden found, from the irritability of my manner, that the sword might probably be the absurd decision of the mistakes in question, he argued with all the virtuous energies of a divine, a man, and a philosopher.

He exacted a solemn promise from me that I would not take any steps till three days had given me time for reason and reflection.

I consented without hesitation to this suspension of all the angry passions, and made him promise, in return, not to degrade my character, by going with any explanations in my favor to the family of the

the General. Should I ever descend to expostulation, after the rude and ungentlemanly manner in which I had been treated, I told him I should not act up to that dignity of character it had ever been my boast to *deserve* and to *maintain*.

Two days passed away in silence. On the morning of the third I received a note from the benevolent Hawthornden, requesting that I would do him the favor of a call.

I waited on him immediately, and the first object which presented itself to my view was General Grandford.

He advanced towards me with an air of kindness, mingled with dignity and regret.

“ I have done you a very flagrant injustice, Mr. St. Leger,” said he; “ and even should I be so fortunate as to receive

“ceive your forgiveness, I do not think I
“ever shall regain my own.”

I caught him by the hand, and begged him to say no more, as I now again acknowledged the best friend I had in the world—the father of my youth.

He then acknowledged that the *circumstances* against me had been so *strong*, that he had erroneously listened to the suggestions of two hot-headed young men, and joined in censure of a conduct which he was pleased to call the most disinterested, generous, and heroic, which had ever come within the sphere of his knowledge.

Her brother had written to Augusta, who was on a visit to a female friend at Bath, to inform her of the transactions which had just taken place. The epistle was a bitter one, and roused her sensitive nerves

nerves to such a pitch, that she immediately hired a chaise, and arrived at her father's door the next morning.

She found the whole family at breakfast.

I was the topic of their conversation, and the object of their reviling.

The storm was renewed upon her appearance. The father was bitter, the brother loud, and young Montauban sat bursting with passion, and vehemently beating the ground with his feet.

Augusta regarded the two young men with a smile of the most ineffable contempt. When you look into your own hearts (*said the lovely and romantic enthusiast*), do you find all there so narrow, so selfish, and so contracted, that ye cannot conceive the bold and godlike flight of an exalted soul?

soul? Is money such a deity, that ye fancy all mankind like yourselves, prostrate before the golden idol? I glory in *convincing* you that characters still exist, great and good as those you have so often ridiculed me for admiring in my favorite books! Read that letter, and when next you see the man you have so hastily condemned, study some reparation to the wounded feelings of a noble heart.

She threw the letter on the table, and the General read it aloud.

To Miss AUGUSTA GRANDFORD.

“ The liberal proposal made of your
“ hand and fortune would be ill requited
“ by mystery or duplicity on my part.

“ I thank you, madam, and shall endeavor
“ to return the *high honor* you have done
“ me

“ me by respectful gratitude and sacred
“ silence. Never could I look your family
“ in the face, after taking such an advan-
“ tage of a liberal young lady. I owe a
“ thousand obligations to the General, and,
“ while life warms my heart, no considera-
“ tion could move me to draw down
“ his displeasure by the most *trifling* ac-
“ *tion.*

“ You think too well of me, revered,
“ valued Augusta! For *my* honor, for your
“ *own* peace, never think *more* of me but
“ as a sincere friend to your father: in-
“ clude me in the number of your most
“ sincere *well-wishers*. If my *presence* will,
“ after this letter, occasion the least con-
“ fusion to your *delicacy*, give the word,
“ and I will instantly withdraw from your
“ noble father’s hospitable roof.

“ Think me your friend; but think
“ me *no more*. I must always revere you,
“ and

“ and shall count it a high prerogative to
“ sign myself,

“ Madam,

“ Your most respectful,

“ most obedient,

“ and very humble servant,

To Miss Grandford,
Post-Office, Bath.

“ HENRY ST. LEGER.”

The General informed Hawthornden that this letter had its proper effect on the heart and mind of every one except his son, who was savage in the excess towards his sister, and behaved so ill to his father, that he had been forced to forbid him his presence.

The fiend of *jealousy* had twisted his iron claws into the very heart-strings of Frederic, and excruciated him to madness.

The General, from some expressions which escaped him in the torrents of his fury, had discovered the unhappy passion of his son for the amiable and absent Cecilia. He told me that *my* honor could never hereafter be doubted by *any man*, and therefore earnestly requested me to inform him, whether I entertained any serious thoughts towards her, or was at all acquainted with the place of her concealment? I assured him that I had never had an idea of the *one*, and was totally in ignorance of the *other*.

“Enough,” cried the generous veteran.
“You have removed the only impediment
“to an action of justice, which both your
“character and conduct now demands at
“my hands. The wrong I did you was
“great, and such ought to be my *repara-
“tion.*

“You know the fortune of my daugh-
“ter.

“ ter. She is the sole arbitress of her
“ own fate, and very few men would, like
“ *you*, my young friend, have consulted the
“ wishes or authority of a *parent*, where they
“ could neither impede their interests nor
“ prevent the gratification of their desires.
“ Both you and my child have acted with
“ an exalted liberality towards each other,
“ and I should wish not to be *behind hand*
“ in the triumph of the scene ; I give you,
“ therefore, my full *consent*.”

I was silent : both the father and Haw-
thornden were much surprised at my tac-
turnity, and looked at each other as if ab-
sorbed in wonder at what was to come
next.

I kissed the hand of Grandford, and
told him my language was *inadequate* to
the expression of my wonder, my admira-
tion, and my gratitude. His offer was one,
I said, that I must ever remember with

the most tender recollections ; but I had many motives with induced me to *decline* it.

As a brother, I added, I should always love and esteem the generous Augusta ; but that he and his daughter must forgive me, when I owned that I did not find those perceptions in my bosom which would make it just, fair, or honorable in me to present myself to her in the character of a *lover* or a *husband*.

At this *distance* of time I cannot write down the many compliments the old gentleman heaped upon me, for what he was pleased to call, this unexampled effort of inflexible integrity and unconquerable generosity.

I hope there are many of the present race of young men who will not see my conduct in so strong a point of view, nor set

set me down as a *hero*, merely because I did not act like a *rascal*.

I felt that, whenever I married, *love* must be the principal requisited. I esteemed Augusta, I respected, I admired her; yet *passion* was out of the question. Respect, esteem, and admiration are fine sounding terms, between *friends* they are all that is in the least degree necessary; but in a husband and a wife they are *cold* substitutes, and though they may create good manners, they will rarely produce love.

I do not mean to compose an *Essay* on the Passions; yet, to explain my sentiments and account for my conduct, I am forced to be diffuse; and however philosophers and moralists may decide against my axiom, I declare it as my opinion, that though respect and esteem are *component parts* of love, without the animating prin-

ciple, the *soul* of the passion, they frequently amount to little more than a mere *caput mortuum*.

I say thus much, because there are many in the world who, after pledging their faith to a woman at the altar, and thus giving themselves a legal title to her money, lands, and tenements, console themselves with the idea, that they behave with *politeness* to their wives. Now, if a lady can be contented with *mere* politeness, she may enjoy all the advantages which good breeding can afford her, and yet remain mistress of her fortune at the same time.

A fellow with little head and no heart may so conduct himself by a set of mechanical rules, collected from worthless men, and worthless *writers*, as to be called “The politest man! the best bred husband in the world, miss!” but if he has sworn to *love* his wife he is *perjured*. He had no right

right to marry her, unless he was persuaded at the time, that he had all the requisite affection for her which his vow demanded. A woman may break her *heart* while he is practising all the monkey antics of affected politeness, that he may not appear an *absolute savage*; and if she dies of grief, he is as much her murderer as if he had broke her *neck*! These were my arguments, these were my motives, for refusing the hand and fortune of Augusta Grandford, when I had the consent of her father to the taking possession of the one and the other.

I must add, too, that the conduct of young Frederic both shocked and disgusted me; I felt conscious that I had done my duty to the youth in the strictest sense of the word. He had every right to imagine me superior to equivocation, and the mean arts of falsehood. But what will not jealousy effect?

Hawthornden

Hawthornden and the General were both lavish in their praises. The latter made me an offer of immediately sending me in the military capacity to India.

I thanked him for his kindness, but declined his bounty.

I was resolved to return to my friend the Bookseller, and again drudge at the desk for my subsistence; an argument, however, was used, which prevailed over all my scruples, and it would have been selfish to have resisted it. While I remained in England the wounds of Augusta were daily liable to be torn open: should I quit the country, she might soothe her sorrows, her mind would stand some chance of recovering its tone, and other pursuits, other objects, by gentle degrees wean her from her melancholy. To this I consented.

Hawthornden

Hawthornden *made* me promise to live with *him* while I remained in England, and I consented to be indebted to him for what was absolutely *necessary* for my equipment.

One shilling beyond this I would not suffer him to proceed.

I have said before, I had made up my mind not to burthen my poor mother: I resolved, however, to pay her a visit before I quitted the country, but had consented to be obliged to Hawthornden, whom I knew I could at some time or other *repay*, rather than take that from her comforts which I knew *she* would never allow me to *return*.

I went to spend some months with her previous to my voyage, and my heart was cheared to find her equally pleased with my motives, my principles, and my conduct.

duct. Indeed they were all founded on the broad basis of rectitude, and could not help being pleasing to a mind where truth and honor were native and unshaken.

Sad was our last embrace: I left her, set sail from the Thames, the voyage was prosperous, and now behold me in the capacity of a soldier, scorching under an Indian sun; yet kept still in spirits by the novelty of the scene, and the hope of *yet* being one day able to repay the exalted goodness of my mother.

I soon found, however, that though a soldier's life had been my proudest wish, that wish, like all other human prospects, when attained, lost its value. The monotony of it in time became insupportable.

To describe the years I passed in the same
unvaried

unvaried circle would be dull to others, laborious to myself.

I prayed for days of more variety.

Alas ! my prayer was heard ! scenes rapid, painful, and trying, were destined to be my lot, in comparison of which all I had hitherto seen or acted were trifling and uninteresting.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



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